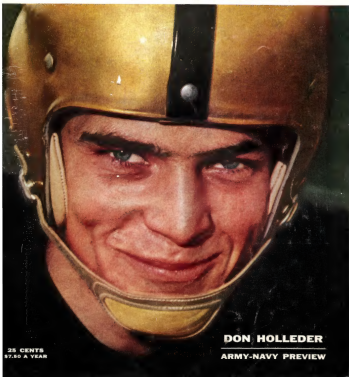


NOVEMBER 28, 1955

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ARMY-NAVY PREVIEW



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AN SI SPECIAL

34 THE INLAND WATERWAY

A day-by-day sailor's guide by EIRA BOWEN to the East Coast's finest sea road to the South, with members and islands, the best stopover points, with details on repair yards, restaurants and recreation, and a three-page map by JOSEPH KAUFMAN

27 SPECTACLE: WEST POINT FOOTBALL

Autumn is the time of year when future generals turn their thoughts to football and leading Navy in the annual clash, RICHARD HIGGS captures the feeling IN COLOR of what is like to be at The Point before and during a game

22 ARMY-NAVY PREVIEW

With the Cadets and Midshipmen at ready arms for their 86th meeting, HERMAN HICKMAN casts an expert's eye on the strengths and weaknesses of the two teams. SI presents another of its scouting reports and ROBERT BRADY's drawings show the key plays

22 PRO FOOTBALL IS PLENTY ROUGH

The tough game played by the pros has come in for a lot of criticism this season. But the pros themselves, says Don Paul, veteran linebacker of the Los Angeles Rams, make a careful distinction between what's rough and what's dirty. By MARTIN DUNLAP

46 GAMES OF THE WEEK

As the Big Ten closed its books for the season, Ohio State took the title and thereby knocked Michigan out of the Rose Bowl. In the Far West UCLA took Southern California, proving it is thoroughly entitled to defend the honor of the West at Pasadena. In the East, Yale broke Harvard's victory string in the Frost of classes. Eye-witness reports by JAMES ATWATER, JAMES MURRAY and ALFRED WRIGHT

54 SWIM SUITS BY THE WEST

Hollywood glamour, high style and scientific thoroughness have made the West Coast's bathing-suit industry the best in the world. A SPORTING LOOK, with three pages of photographs IN COLOR by BOB LANNY

42 THE DUCK SEASON:

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE REPORT

SI's crew of duck watchers send us their communications from the nation's four great flyways: where best to get them, when and how. With two pages of duck heads IN COLOR by ARTHUR STOKER

THE DEPARTMENTS:

4 **Hatbox:** JIMMY DONAHUE asks: Soccer draws more than 100,000 a game in Europe but hardly draws at all in the U.S. Why?

56 **Tip from the Taps:** WILLIAM HUNTER has some helpful advice on that pesky business of chipping from traps

52 **Hickman's Hunches:** SI's football expert makes his final picks for the season's wind-up games this week

48 **Hockey:** WHITNEY TOWER has a talk with Coach Phil Watson to discover why the New York Rangers are the surprise team of the National Hockey League

COVER: DON HOLLEDER

Photograph by Richard Meil



Army's Don Hollader was picked to grace this week's cover not just because he wears a gulf helmet and a confident grin with easy assurance. It was because this tall, rugged young man from Webster, N.Y., has been operating under more pressure all season than any other quarterback in college football. An All-America end last year, with all the ability to excel at his position, he was asked to switch to a new—and even tougher—job in his senior year. This weekend, before 100,000 people at Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium, he will be asked to face his biggest test—Navy and its veteran, brilliant quarterback, George Walsh. For a preview of the 56th Army-Navy game, with a scouting report on both teams, see page 21.

Acknowledgments on page 67

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE UNIVERSITY OF EIGHTH AVENUE

A distinguished boxing writer and historian, A. J. Liebling, paints a brilliant word picture of the heart of boxing in America: Stillman's Gym. First of two parts

HORSES OF THE YEAR

Nashua, Swaps and other leaders of a colorful season parade through a report by Whitney Tower, plus four pages of the historic match race photographed in color by Mark Kauffman

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Donald Campbell**, affable 34-year-old British speedster, held securely in single-seat cockpit by tight shoulder straps, that his jet-powered *Rhodesia* roaring over measured kilometer at rapid 218.5 mph, battled choppy waters on 193 mph return run to average fantastically 216.2 mph for new world speedboat record over Lake Mendota, Boulder City, Nev. (Nov. 16). ● **Galin Zybina**, powerful Russian amazon, reared back, heaved shot put 54 feet 8 1/2 inches to break own world standard for fourth time this year in St. Louis, *championkines* at 20.0s. (Nov. 17).

- **Galina Vinogradova**, hustling Leningrad broad jumper, leaped 29 feet 8 1/2 inches in short le women's world mark in msec meet (Nov. 18).
- **Cadwgan**, fleet 3-year-old bay, paced six, paced six and half in 3:04 2/5 at Addington, New Zealand, claimed world record for distance from standing start (Nov. 16). Earlier this year Adios Harry was shocked in same time from flying start.
- **Lucien Giklen** of Luxembourg furiously pushed 80 Kilowatts in 6:12.2, set new world cycling standard for indoor track drive International meeting in Milan (Nov. 16).

FOOTBALL

Ohio State, vs. **Harvard** smacking desperate Michigan attack, started scoring with 23-yard field goal by Fred Kries in second quarter, added safety and touchdowns by emotional Howard (Heppner) Canady and Doc Viscic in fourth quarter, whipped Wolverines 17-0 at Ann Arbor to win second straight Big Ten title, set second-place **Michigan State**, 33-0 victor over Marquette, into Rose Bowl as opponent for UCLA (see page 18).

UCLA sent skiffy Sam Brown and hard-sitting Bob Davenport crashing through leaky Southern California line for scores, whipped Trojans 12-7 before 60,878 at Los Angeles, clinched third Pacific Coast championship, got set to set as host team in Rose Bowl (see page 16).

Notre Dame's cool Paul Hornung threw 17-yard touchdown pass to Jim Morse, kicked 17-yard field goal, all in last eight minutes, to edge challenging Iowa 17-14 in thriller at South Bend, Ind.

Oklahoma, already picked to face Maryland in Orange Bowl, sent five different backs plunging over goal line, overpowered Nebraska 41-0 at Lincoln, Neb. to win tenth Big Seven crown, 28th consecutive victory.

Seymour caught West Virginia with its spirits down, came from behind in second half on needle-point passing of Quarterback Eddie Abrecht and tremendous running of Jimmy Brown to catch faltering Mountaineers 20-11 at Morgantown, W. Va.

Pitt held Penn State's Leroy Moore to mere 10 yards, concentrated his power on ground to better Nittany Lions 28-0 in snowstorm at University Park, Pa.

Yale earned fumble and intercepted pass into touchdowns, handed out combining 21-7 triumph over Harvard before 34,000 chump fans in Yale Bowl over Sept. 26 to create triple tie for Big Three hangs as Princeton streaked past Dartmouth 6-3 to take Ivy League crown.

Maryland swept to three touchdowns in the first half, two by elusive Ed Yerek (giving him 16 for season), held off stubborn George Washington 19-6 at College Park, Md., to complete unbeaten season, then sat back to await Orange Bowl clash with powerful Oklahoma.

Texas Christian, ably directed by Quarterback Charlie Curtis, topped over Rice 24-9 at Fort Worth, clinched bid to represent Southwest Conference in Cotton Bowl.

Kentucky, leaped up for upset, abandoned passing game for rugged running attack led by Bob Daugherty. Bob Hardy and Don Newkirk, turned tables on unsuspecting Tennessee 23-0 in bruising battle at Lexington, Ky.

Chicago Bears' hipster Marion Hill faded Detroit defenders out of their shoes to snare two third-quarter scoring passes from sharpshooting Ed Brown, led team to 24-14 win over Detroit Lions (their sixth straight) and clear possession of first place in Western Conference of National Football League.

Los Angeles Rams matched 75 yards in 58 minutes, sent Paul (Tank) Younger hailing over for touchdowns to the Baltimore Colts 17-17 but dropped to second place behind Bears.

Green Bay Packers staged whirlwind comeback to remain in race, rallied 14 points in last quarter to overtake San Francisco 49ers 21-11 at Milwaukee.

Cleveland Browns, hard pressed in opening half, rallied on brilliant passing of Otto Graham and George Ratterman, flashy running of Carl Morrison to trounce Pittsburgh Steelers 41-24 at Cleveland, retained lead in Eastern Conference.

Washington Redskins stunned Chicago Cardinals with 33-yard punt return by Bert Ziegler, went on to throttle rivals 31-0, scored close behind Brown.

New York Giants, beginning to gain momentum, put on sparkling defensive show to hobble Philadelphia attack, exploded with 21 points in third period to easily whip Philadelphia Eagles 31-7, moved out of cellar for first time this year.

RESULTS

Willie Pastrana, fast-growing 19-year-old New Orleans youngster with fast hands and faster feet, jiggled and danced around hard-working but outclassed heavyweight Joe Rowan, sitting rival with shaking left lab, rock Alexander in New York.

Chuck Spierer, holding ex-Michigan State light heavyweight, scored veteran Paddy Young with sharp left hook in first round, knocked him down three more

FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

Teams standing this week, with points figured on a (m.w.b./d.f./d.spl.) basis are: play seven in parenthesis.

	Points
1.—Oklahoma (124)	3,889
2.—Michigan State (119)	3,689
3.—Maryland (111)	3,683
4.—MCLA (9)	3,374
5.—Wake Forest (1)	3,281
6.—Ohio State (1)	3,035
7.—Texas Christian (1)	894
8.—Texas A&M	531
9.—Georgia Tech	169
U.S.—Rochester	149

ELUSIVE: 11, Navy 218; 12, Marine gas 182; 13, Pittsburgh 398; 14, Miami (Fla.) 179; 15, Houston 75.

times in second to win by TKO at Chicago
Edward (Pottier), **Faiziev**, **Imanbekov**

7-foot 5-inch, 325-pound African giant with punch of welterweight, appeared bewildered as he "bought" to 14-round draw with 225-pound **James J. Parker** before 12,000 laughing spectators in London, passed off back of punching ability with "I think I must be getting a cold."

Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission
 involved Dennis of Carmen Graziano and
 Anthony Ferrante, co-managers of Light
 weight Champion Wallace "Bud" Smith
 (also recently paroled Joe Giardiello, pre-
 posing heavyweight Joe Kovacs), charged
 them with "associating and consorting with
 criminals, gamblers, bookmakers and per-
 sons of similar ilk repute . . . and that they
 had themselves engaged and were engaging
 in similar pursuits and conduct." Investigation
 disclosed Ferrante had been in contact
 with Tony Caponeggi (also known as
 Tony Banamari, "an individual with a long
 criminal record." Commissioner Jim Con-
 way, assistant Fordham football coach,
 hoped NBA and New York would recognize
 suspensions, get immediate favorable reac-
 tion from New York's Julius Holland.

HORSE RACING

Nail, off-trade specialist purchased by Mrs. Anson Egleston because the new hire winks at her, once again belied experts' opinion, displayed ability to turn by plauding sale and strength through road to win \$79,249 Pindie Purity, brought 1935 earnings to \$235,906, tops among 2-year-olds, second only to Rusty Road's \$277,132 in 1933.

Wise Margin, 5-year-old son of Market Wise, stepped smartly from last to first, stayed there to take \$25,930 Narragansett Special at Falmouth, B.I.

Nashua, his future still in doubt, was shipped off to A. B. (Bud) Hancock's Claiborne Farm near Paris, Ky., to await decision by owners of late William Woodward Jr.'s estate. Said veteran trainer **Nanny Jim Fitzsimmons** hopefully: "We might bring him to Hialeah for winter racing."

Our Baba, 3-year-old English son of My Baba (recently bought by U.S. syndicate for reported \$600,000), has been purchased through Crowsell Woodstock Agency, will soon stand stud at Jonabell Stables in Lexington, Ky.

INFO: BASKETBALL

Philadelphia Warriors stretched winning streak to five by beating Boston 106-82 as ex-college All-American Tom Gola made 16-point debut, edging Syracuse 102-84.



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



Mrs. Sidney James and Boston Museum's Perry Rathbone at opening of "Sport in Art"

A NOTABLE art exhibition, *Sport in Art*, opened last week at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where it will continue until December 15. In a joyful wire to Museum Director Perry Rathbone, a member called it, "Most catalytic event of its kind since the Tea Party. Congratulations!"

Sport in Art, a collection of 102 sports-inspired paintings, prints and drawings from outstanding American museums, galleries and private collections, is a joint effort by the American Federation of Arts and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

To celebrate *Sport in Art's* premiere in Boston, Wm. J. Filene & Sons Co. staged a pageant of women's sports fashions, shown in for the event from Italy, New York, the U.S. West Coast and New England. Filene's also turned its famous corner window over to the Boston Museum's art classes, which for ten days did their painting and sketching before an absorbed crowd of sidewalk shoppers.

Next week's issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will have reproductions of some of the works in the exhibition. But in the hope that many of you will be able to visit the show as it tours museums throughout the country during the next nine months—and that you will enjoy it as much as I did—here is a list of its appearances after Boston:

DATE	CITY	PLACE	SPONSOR
Jan. 5-30	Washington, D.C.	Coverton Gallery	Julian Garberich
Feb. 10-Mar. 10	Louisville, Ky.	J. B. Spang Art Museum	Bowman's
Mar. 25-Apr. 20	Dallas	Dallas Museum of P.A.	Stokely-Watkins
May 5-30	Toronto	Ontario Art Museum	Ontario & Fisher
Feb. 15-July 10	Los Angeles	L.A. County Museum	E. Maguen
July 20-Aug. 20	San Francisco	Fukuroki-Lag. House	E. Maguen

Finally the exhibition will travel under the sponsorship of the U.S. Information Agency across the world to the National Gallery of Victoria in Melbourne. There against the background of the Olympics the exhibition will express the timeless beauty of sport as artists have captured it through the centuries—and as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED records it throughout the year in *SPORT IN ART*.

Harry R. Phillips



Illustrated: Mighty American Flyer 4-6-6 "Hudson"

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HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

In Europe a soccer match may draw more than 100,000 people but the game has relatively few fans in the U.S. Why?

G. K. (JOE) GUENNEL



**Indiana University
Soccer Coach**

"Soccer has to compete with big-time sports. It offers neither money nor glory, so incentive is lacking. As long as there is no

college soccer, there'll be no high school soccer. There are few first-rate players; so play is inferior. The game needs more scoring, more action for popular appeal."

BOB HENNESSY



**University of
Pennsylvania
Soccer Captain**

"Football, baseball and basketball have had a strong hold on Americans for many years. Soccer has been regarded as a foreign game. Actually, it is international. The current U.S. trend is to accept soccer at school level. As more schools and colleges play, it will become popular."

MIDSHIPMAN JAMES F. PITNEY



**U.S. Naval Academy
Soccer Captain**

"American boys grow up playing baseball and football. They seldom hear of soccer until high school days. Then a lack of compe-

tent coaching breeds disinterest. This, along with sportswriters' lack of knowledge of the game, has kept soccer out of the public eye."

FRED J. PRIDDLE



**Stanford University
Soccer Coach**

"Soccer has sustained action with few or no delays. Its play patterns are simple and understandable, but it is a foreign game with basic skills different from most sports. It compares with football and, outside of localities where it's played, little effort has been expended in its promotion."

ADOLFO COSTA



**Purdue University
Soccer Captain**

"Soccer is an old foreign game. Football is truly American. They are played in the same season, so football predominates. In addition there is a lack of soccer education and publicity, as there is a lack of qualified coaches to teach soccer properly in the grade, junior high and high schools."

NELSON C. WALKER



**Brooklyn College
President
Intercollegiate Soccer
Assoc.**

"Soccer has to compete with traditional American sports. At one time only Springfield College included soccer in its teacher-training program. That there was a lack of coaches. Today many schools teach soccer to students majoring in physical education. It's becoming more popular."

HANK BLVINCENT



**Lafayette College
Soccer Captain**

"One, it is not a national sport. Two, it is little publicized and is comparatively unknown to the public. Three, there is no soccer emphasis among children to get them to play the game. Four, diversification of sports in the U.S., due to seasonal weather, leads most athletes to other games."

BOB DICICAZIA



**University of California
Soccer Coach**

"Because of lack of publicity. People like it, but baseball and football attract the big crowds. Americans are not familiar with soccer at an early age. When a boy is ready for sports competition, he is more interested in baseball, football and other sports he knew about in formative years."

TERRY SPRINGTHORPE



Captain, New York Americans

"There is no bucking from the press. Publicity would build, stand and develop public interest. Professionals abroad live on their wages. Here they can't. Higher pay would encourage players and coaches to leave for Europe. People with money could give over the boost it needs."

JACK FLAMMART



President, American Soccer League

"Soccer suffers from an unsympathetic press. Games are grudgingly covered. Yet it can stir its fans to a 'murder and arson' frenzy. In Uruguay fans burned down the stadium when their team lost. A sport that draws 199,000 to a world series match (Brazil, 1958) must present a thrilling spectacle."

ROY A. STAMBAUGH



Ohio State University Soccer Co-captain

"Soccer is gaining fans in the U.S. Since 1958 the number of collegiate teams in Ohio has increased from two to perhaps a dozen. However, its growth is seriously hindered by the lack of publicity and by the failure of schools to introduce the game through physical education and athletics."

NEXT WEEK:

Which make the best officers, those who finish near the top of their college classes, or athletes?

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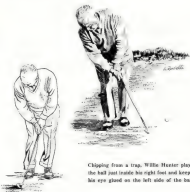
from **WILLIE HUNTER**, *Klatsa Country Club, Pacific Palisades, Calif.*

Particularly for
the average golfer

Many golfers make the sand trap shot more difficult than it has to be. This is because they were taught that the only way to come out of a trap is with an explosion shot, a rather unnatural stroke for the beginner since the club head has to strike the sand behind the ball and does not strike the ball itself.

There are a number of occasions when the lie of the ball and the lay of the land make playing an explosion shot unnecessary and even unwise. Whenever the bank of the trap is low and there is enough putting surface between the trap and the hole, a golfer would be more sensible to play a variation on a chip shot—with the club head contacting the ball cleanly and lofting it onto the green. Allow for some roll.

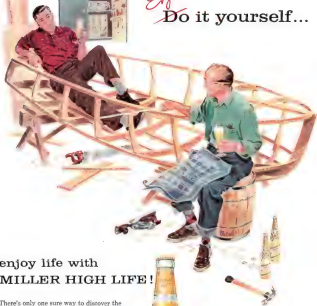
A chip from the sand is played the same as a chip from any other lie, with two modifications. First, you grip the club low on the shaft, as far down as the bottom of the leather if this is comfortable. Secondly, glue your eyes on the left half of the ball rather than on the right half as you do on ordinary shots. This enables you to deliver a clean, descending blow, and that is the essence of all chip shots.



Chipping from a trap, Willie Hunter plays the ball just inside his right foot and keeps his eye glued on the left side of the ball

NEXT WEEK: CHUCK CONDON ON THE COORDINATED SWING

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

FOOTBALL FILLS THE AIR WITH FOOTBALL • HUNTING YARNS, MIDSEASON
CROP • DON CAMPBELL AND THE BLUEBIRD IN SAHARALAND • HORSEMEAT
MARKET CREATED BY A HORSE • O'MALLEY CONTEMPLATES HIS DOME

THE FALL DENOMINATOR

At about last Saturday the big air-
liner airlines spun their transconti-
nental webs across the U.S.—and as
usual the internets broke into occa-
sional cracklings of pilot-to-passenger
talk. Dull talk at first about altitude,
airspeed and weather conditions ahead,
but with exciting climaxes like this:

"UCLA is leading Southern Cal 7-0
at the end of the first quarter. . . . Ohio
State still leads Michigan 3-0, going
into the final period. . . . We have now
picked up a final score on the Harvard-
Yale game: Yale 21, Harvard 7."

The same kind of information was
huzzling out to drivers on U.S. high-
ways and to ships at sea, instantly to
become American conversation. For
last Saturday was part of that season,
from September to Thanksgiving or
so, when Democrats and Republicans,
highbrows and lowbrows, possibly even
stray Guepils and Ghibellines, find a
common denominator, if not common
agreement, in the football season.

This one had now worked its way
from shirt-sleeves to cuffs, and in
its natural course had proved or dis-
proved hundreds of fascinating Sep-
tember propositions.

Heeman Hickman, whose now-cele-
brated hunches last year were 162
right, 62 wrong, 3 ties, after this fateful
Saturday, stood at 180 right, 61 wrong,
5 ties at the same moment this year.

It had been a season when any good
team (accent on the good) could ap-
parently beat any other on a given
day. For example, Michigan beat
Michigan State which beat Illinois
which beat Michigan. Mississippi beat
LSU which beat Kentucky which beat
Mississippi. Only two major teams—
Oklahoma and Maryland—were left
undefeated, and one of those would

pretty certainly beat the other in the
Orange Bowl.

Each section had its great team,
some more than one: UCLA on the
Pacific Coast; Ohio State and Michi-
gan State and Notre Dame in the
Midwest; Oklahoma and TCU and
Texas A&M in the Southwest; Mary-
land, Georgia Tech and Auburn in the
South. Navy emerged as the best of a
wobbly crop in the un-deemphasized
East, and Princeton stood out among
the Ivy Leaguers, who were playing
the game for fun, although an occa-
sional bare knuckle was still visible.

Some of the stars (all praise to the
modern university publicity depart-
ment) were superstars. The mere men-
tion of a select few leaves one conscious
of omission. But how is it possible not
to talk about Hopalong Cassidy of
Ohio State and Ron Beagle of Navy
and Jim Swink of Texas Christian;

Paul Hornung of Notre Dame and
Tommy McDonald of Oklahoma;
Maryland's terrific twosome, Ed Ver-
eb and Bob Pelegri, or the pair of
dangling tailbacks from UCLA, Ren-
nie Knox and Sam Brown? And to
mention Rennie again, how could it
go unrecorded that, whereas the fates
let his now famous stepfather Harvey
off unscathed, he (Rennie) wound up
with a broken leg?

The surprise team of the year was
Coch Bear Bryant's almost unbeliev-
able bunch of sophomores at Texas
A&M, who came up two years ahead
of schedule to dominate the Southwest
Conference. Or maybe Michigan State,
which handed Notre Dame its only
loss and earned a Rose Bowl bid by
finishing second in the strongest con-
ference in the land.

The big play? It was made by a
continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Wes Santee, who has done everything but
run a four-minute mile, was given a chance
to do just that—and go after the Olympic
1,500-meter crown as well—when his three-
week-old suspension, for accepting exor-
dinary expense money last spring in three Cal-
ifornia meets, was lifted by the AAI.

Phog Allen, never at a loss for words in 28
years of coaching Kansas basketball teams,
was stopped by a 7-foot freshman named
WD: (The Stilt) Chamberlaine. Along with
14,900 fans, Allen watched his 19-year-old
phenomenon score 62 points and lead the
Kansas freshmen to an 81-71 victory over
the Kansas varsity. Said Allen finally,
"He's just like putting hot grease on let-
tuce. He makes you wilt."

Le Mans' famed 24-hour race, its future
threatened by the death of some 80 persons
there this year, is back on the 1959 program
—but not the same big 178-hp Mercedes-
Benzes, Jaguars and Ferraris. The French

have decided on a cylinder-displacement
limit of 2,500 or (roughly that of a produc-
tion Austin-Healey) on all prototype mod-
els as part of a new safety program.

New York State's 1959 racing season came
to an end last week at both flat racing
and harness tracks and all that was left
were some big round figures: \$,882,236 bet-
tors poured enough money into the per-
mumals for the state to emerge with a tax
share of \$63 million. The biggest factor in
a multi-million-dollar increase share per-
mumal betting was legalized 15 years ago:
attendance at the trotting track was up
from 126,239 in 1940 to more than 5 million
this year.

Five football teams were all set for a big
day on Jan. 2: Oklahoma and Maryland
(Orange Bowl), UCLA and Michigan State
(Rose Bowl), TCU (Cotton Bowl). Sugar
and Cotton Bowl officials expect to com-
plete the lineup after this week's games.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 13

sophomore named Frank Riepl, from oil-beaten Pennsylvania, who ran back 108 yards with the opening kickoff to put Penn ahead of mighty Notre Dame—temporarily. Or perhaps it was the field goal kicked by UCLA's Jim Decker in the last 18 seconds of play to beat Washington 19-17. Or maybe it was not one play at all but three—all in the last four minutes and each good for a touchdown, as Texas A&M came from behind to beat Rice 20-12.

Winning was still pretty important. Hung in effigy because their drama had disappointing seasons were Pappy Waldorf of California, Jess Hill of Southern Cal and Al Kircher of Washington State. Also hanged by the figurative neck until figuratively dead was a sportswriter named Jack Murphy, who dared to defend them. Down in the Southwest no one proposed a necktie party for Coach Ed Price of Texas, but he still had his troubles. Football-mad alumni were so indignant when the Longhorns lost four of their first five games they organized a move to fire Price at year's end—and then were furious when he won his next three to foil their plans.

More and more players accepted the new look—plastic face masks—and thus became the nearest thing to knights in full armor since the Middle Ages. As for the rules, coaches appeared so pleased that no one even talked of a major change.

Attendance was on the upswing—except possibly in the rain-and-snow-splattered East. Michigan consistently played before crowds of better than 90,000 and ended its season before an all-time record Ann Arbor crowd of 97,368. On the same day, UCLA and Southern California played to 95,878 in Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. Although more than 100,000 tickets had been sold, it was the scrapers who got scalped when thousands stayed home to watch the game free on TV.

It isn't over yet. Next Saturday more than 100,000—the year's biggest crowd—will watch Army meet Navy for the 58th time (see page 21).

Unless you have your ticket, you better get settled beside your TV set or your radio. Or, better still, get an airplane and consult your fly boy.

HUNTING BULLETINS

THE DEER SEASON is on, and here-with are early bulletins from several fronts:

The paramedics of the 49th Air Res-

cue Squadron at Selfridge Air Force Base in Michigan are accustomed, every year, to make a practice jump into heavily wooded country. The jumpers deliberately land in trees and then cut their way to the ground as part of their realistic training. This month, with the approval of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the Huron National Forest near Mio, Mich. was alerted for the maneuver. Forest rangers and state police were alerted, and the paramedics took off for the jump area. They were scarcely airborne when a state trooper had a sudden, horrible



thought: Wouldn't paramedics crashing through tree branches sound exactly like 16-point buckbreaking through underbrush? And, with deer hunters swarming through the forest, wouldn't there be some of the trigger-happy who would shoot first and look later?

A frantic phone call was put through to Selfridge Air Base and relayed to the paramedics' plane just in time for the jump to be called off. The paramedics were saved, but before the day was over, Michigan deer hunters had nonetheless killed one of their fellow hunters, wounded seven others.

In Vermont, meanwhile, Earl Sanborn, 35, of Springfield refused to pass up the season's opening despite a broken leg. He went hunting with his father, who placed him comfortably in a rocking chair at the edge of a field. As Sanborn rocked himself and his father went looking for deer, a buck came out into the field. Sanborn stopped rocking and brought down the buck. Then he used the ejected shell as a whistle to summon his father.

Final bulletin: in Manitowoc, Wis., Hunter Melvin O. Berninger held up a big bird and called out to a passing stranger: "How do you like the snow gone? I got it."

The stranger, a game warden, fined Berninger \$25 for shooting a swan.

DOOR OIL GARY MAYOR

*Door oil Gary mayor, skip and wanky
squire bag.*

Ant wanky squire bag.

Ant wanky squire bag?

*Door oil Gary mayor, skip and wanky
squire bag.*

Money long game a pore?

—H. L. CHACE

BLUEBIRD IN THE NEW WORLD

LAKE MEAD, Nevada made a glistering stage for Donald Campbell's assault on his own world water-speed record. It also furnished fascinating contrasts with his summertime attempts in the English Lake Country.

When Campbell hit his record 292.3 mph last July, he did it in the rural privacy of England's Lake Ullswater. His laboratory was a converted hangar. His sponsors were almost nonexistent—a fact which Campbell noted with some severity; and he had to take an alarmingly large bite from family resources to get the boat in the water.

This time it was different. When Donald announced he was looking for another water to try to go even faster, American sponsors rose like trout. The Mobil people were proud and happy to help back the attempt if he would let their engineers poke at Blackbird from time to time. And the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas—which at other times has pulled customers by displaying Marlene Dietrich in a transparent evening dress—thought Blackbird would look fine in the hotel lobby, especially if it set a new record.

Campbell and Blackbird went to Nevada. The first try at a new mark October 16 was observed by pleasure boats and a national TV audience. The pleasure boats stirred up the lake so much that Blackbird sank while being towed, with the record unannounced and the TV audience unrewarded.

Raised and refurbished, Blackbird made a series of warmup runs and by November 16 was again ready to go.

Campbell was up at 4 a.m. The weather, which had been blazney for three days, was perfect. Crew Chief Leo Villa, after a final check, pronounced the boat perfect. The apparatus used to time the run, however, was less than perfect. Someone had stolen several thousand feet of the special timing cable. The situation was retrieved by forest rangers, who rode to the rescue with telephone cable.

At 10 a.m. Campbell judged the moment just right. He ran to the boat shouting, "Let's go! Let's go!" And off he went down the course, with the roar of his jet engine echoing off the Nevada hills, the big Blackbird up and skimming on her tiny planing surface.

At the end of the first run Campbell barked crisply into his radioophone: "About 235!" His guns was 4.5 mph short of his actual speed. On the required return run the wind began to blow, and Blackbird smashed into a long swell.

"I bounced around like a rockfish," he said. "If one had not been wearing a harness one would have been thrown through the canopy."

The return was clocked at 193.1 mph. Average time for both runs: 214.2 mph, another new world record. Shutting off the power, Campbell paddled his two-ton jet boat ashore.

"That's enough for the time being," he said. "We've learned everything we wanted to know. We know the boat would go a lot faster. There'll be no more immediate runs."

Then Campbell was hailed onto the shoulders of admirers and carried off in the direction of a victory party at the Sahara, where he was presented with a cake 3 feet tall and a life membership in the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce. Blushing, in her turn, was hailed onto a truck and carried into the lobby. A sign over the Sahara now reads: HOME OF DONALD CAMPBELL AND THE BLUEBIRD.

THE BUTCHER'S HORSE

IN FRANCE, it must be understood, the horsemeat is highly regarded. It is cheaper than the best cuts of beef, and, moreover, many Frenchmen consider it to be superior in taste and texture. Thus, it follows that the dealer in horsemeat is a citizen of substance, respected and honored in his community.

Such is Monsieur Marius Auteroche, purchasing agent of an abattoir in the town of Arcueil (pop. 14,000), which lies just south of Paris. A barrel-shaped little man of 82, dressed in his blue trousers, yellow turtle-neck sweater, blue smock and blue fedora, Monsieur Auteroche may be seen any day inspecting the beasts that are brought to him, appraising them with an expert eye, rapidly calculating the price that may be paid for them and still insure a profit on the butchered and dressed meat. But if one looks at Monsieur Auteroche and sees only the buyer of horsemeat, he does not see all. For, as anyone in Arcueil will attest, Monsieur Auteroche is a connoisseur of horses that are bred to run and jump and trot. Indeed, he himself was a driver of trotters for a while after World War II, winning a dozen races and the nickname of "Little Giant" from the sportswriters. So it will be evident that when Monsieur Auteroche looks at a horse brought to the abattoir, he sees more, sometimes, than hamburger. More than once he has spotted a thoroughbred still able to run again.

For instance, there was this certain horse named Fanfaron IV. Only 18

months old, Fanfaron was a member of a stable whose owner suddenly became disgusted with its inability to win races. "Sell off the older ones," he cried. "Let the younger ones be butchered for meat!" Thus it happened that one day, little more than a year ago, Fanfaron joined the procession that paraded before Monsieur Auteroche.

But what a parade for Fanfaron! Such a kicking and screaming and bucking and snorting and the hohing out with a hoof that nearly brained a poor butcher, respected citizen of France though he was! Other butchers rushed to help, but before they could attack Fanfaron the voice of Monsieur Auteroche was heard loud and clear: "Attention! Such spirit is not for hamburger! Not yet for meat loaf! I take this one for myself! This one I shall race!"

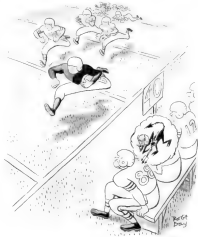
Monsieur Auteroche was as good as his word. He sent Fanfaron to a stable near Chantilly and put him into training as a steeplechaser. Last April, Fanfaron's big test came. He was entered in Prix des Landes at Enghien. How did he run? As from a butcher, galloping (some say) looking back fearfully over his shoulder to an easy victory. Monsieur Auteroche entered him again

and again, and in eight starts Fanfaron won four times, placed second twice, won a total of 4 million francs. The newspaper headlines screamed: FANFARON DOMINATE FIELD, FANFARON LOOKS STRONG CONTENDER, and soon Fanfaron became a national favorite, especially delighted his fans by winning a fast race at Longchamp, a thing most unusual for a horse trained to jump. More recently, Fanfaron won at the Autuel track in Paris, the purse amounting to 1.5 million francs, which is not hay, nor yet hamburger.

"He will win many times more," said Monsieur Auteroche the other day as he stood in the courtyard of the abattoir, dressed as usual in his blue smock and blue fedora and watching the parade of the old and tired horses without the strength to kick and snort and win a reprieve like Fanfaron.

As for Fanfaron, he was taking no chances. Last Sunday afternoon he was entered in the Prix Georges Brissac at the Autuel track in Paris. And, as usual, one would have thought the butchers were after him. He won by 2½ lengths, bringing Monsieur Auteroche another 2 million francs.

continued on next page



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 15

DODGERS' DOME (CONT.)

TWO DAY could scarcely have been better for the purpose. Outside, the snow fell thickly on Princeton's Palmer Stadium and ushers carried snow shovels to clear seats for early arrivals at the Princeton-Dartmouth game. But inside the laboratory of the School of Architecture, the men were snug and warm as they inspected a model of a new kind of stadium that might put sports events (specifically the ball games of the Brooklyn Dodgers) beyond the reach of the worst of weather.

The men in the laboratory included R. Buckminster Fuller, distinguished designer of geodesic, igloo-like structures and a visiting professor at Princeton and other universities, and Walter O'Malley, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, who, months ago, had proposed that Mr. Fuller design a domed stadium that would be practical for baseball. Mr. Fuller not only agreed, but invited the graduate students of architecture at Princeton to construct a model from his plans.

Now the big moment was at hand. Mr. O'Malley had driven down from Brooklyn in his big black Buick and was getting his first look at the handwork of the students and Mr. Fuller. As Mr. Fuller watched anxiously, Mr. O'Malley peered through the open spaces of the model where dome and grandstand meet. He looked down on the playing field painted within the model (see page 59). Finally, Mr. O'Malley turned and pointed to the snow outside. "Could we have a better day to prove the point?" he asked. Then he looked at Mr. Fuller. "Bucky," he said, "this is just great. I'm just thrilled with it. I'm absolutely delighted. Let's slip off our coats."

Everybody took off his coat and Mr. O'Malley walked to a table and sat down. The others followed: Mr. Fuller; Arthur (Red) Patterson, Mr. O'Malley's public relations man; Robert W. McLaughlin, director of the School of Architecture; Professor Jean Labatut and Billy Kleinmeyer, one of the graduate students.

Mr. O'Malley put a fresh cigar in a fresh paper holder and began to speak:

"Let's look at some practical considerations. The average ball club will lose \$200,000 a year because of weather—attendance reduced and games postponed. An average of \$20,000 will be spent for nylon field covering. A crew of 25 men will be employed to take up the field cover and put it back on. It

will cost \$50 a year to paint each seat in the conventional ball park. Now the advantages of Mr. Fuller's design are numerous—no revenue lost because of weather, no field protection necessary. The seats would not have to be painted or repaired so frequently, and we might even have theater-type seats. The lighting for night games would be better since it would be directed up toward the dome and not down into the eyes of players and spectators. There would be no shadows of trusses on the playing field."

Mr. Fuller spoke up:

"There would be no shadows of any kind, Walter; and another thing, the burning effect of the sun would be eliminated by the translucent dome and yet spectators would be able to get a tan—without the burn. The grass would grow greener, too; that has been proved."

Mr. O'Malley nodded. "That's an important point, Bucky. As I see it, your design would create a sort of greenhouse atmosphere with the blue skies visible through the openings at the back of the stands. That's extremely important psychologically because baseball is traditionally an outdoor game. Bucky, what seating capacity does your model suggest?"

"Walter," said Bucky, "we thought of 100,000."

Mr. O'Malley shook his head. "I think \$2,600 would be more practical, Bucky."

Mr. Fuller nodded: "It could be \$2,600 just as easily."

Mr. O'Malley looked at his cigar.

"Oh," he said, "the advantages are endless. No posts or pillars anywhere. Every seat would have an unobstructed view. Well, now. Where do we go from here? Can we purchase the land we need for a stadium? Well, the City of New York has appropriated \$100,000 for a study of the Flatbush and Atlantic Avenue area in Brooklyn. Perhaps, in the solving of many problems that must be solved in that area, perhaps as an incident in the rehabilitation of that area, some land will be made available for purchase by the Brooklyn Dodgers. In the meantime, I could not be more pleased with what has been accomplished by Mr. Fuller and the students here at Princeton. When we build our stadium, I surely hope it will be an enclosed stadium, and the Fuller dome seems to me to be practical and economical."

"This stadium would be tremendous from the air," said Mr. Patterson. "It would be a landmark of New York."

Mr. O'Malley nodded and tossed away his cigar.

"It would be big enough to enclose St. Peter's in Rome," he said, looking around at the others. Then, raising his voice as if he hoped the politicians could hear him at Borough Hall in Brooklyn, he solemnly declared:

"It would be one of the wonders of the world."

SPECTACLE

SPIRIT OF WEST POINT

Cadets of the U.S. Military Academy lead disciplined ascetic lives of study and drill but football gives release

The big sports season at West Point is autumn, when the Army football team dominates the rocky, hilly campus overlooking the deep-flowing Hudson River and points its way, Saturday after Saturday, to the culminating game with Navy. Friday night mess hall rallies (opposite page), with impromptu high jinks—such as lifting a waiter on a table high above the diners—rock the huge rooms with cheers for the team, for stars like Don Hollender and for Red Blaik, observing his 30th year as a coach, his 22nd at the Academy. Looking down on this scene are the grim military figures of Napoleon, who perhaps would not understand, and the Duke of Wellington, who much appreciated the playing fields of Eton. For more pictures of Army cadets and players at West Point and a preview of the Army-Navy game, see following pages.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENNETH BRUCE





Army first string, led by Quarterback Hollender (18), hustles into action at West Point's Michie Stadium after



rest and new orders from Coach Earl Black (brown fedora) as Cadets and Academy band prepare a cheer



ARMY vs. NAVY

More than 50,000 fans will pay more than half a million dollars to see the 56th meeting of the nation's future brass and braid. On the following pages

by **ALFRED WRIGHT**

Herman Hickman analyzes the team and SI presents its scouting report

EACH YEAR when the Army and Navy football teams meet in Philadelphia on the Saturday after Thanksgiving, the game becomes a kind of synthesis of the rivalry, emotion and drama of all the big games across the country. People who would never raise a hankie over such contests as Ohio State-Michigan (see page 48) or Yale-Harvard or Stanford-California run as high a temperature over the Army-Navy game as the plebes themselves.

The excitement and thrills and pageantry of the annual service spectacle are particularly infectious because of the contagious enthusiasm of the 2,400 members of the Corps of Cadets in their well-tailored gray habits, and the 3,600 members of the blue-coated Brigade of Midshipmen, among the very few men in the U.S. Navy who can march properly. On this one day of the year all cadets and all midshipmen are equals—no having, none of that "What does a plebe rank, Mr. Dumbjohn?"—and they react with the finest college singing and cheering to be heard anywhere. To the cadet or midshipman grouped in anonymous symmetry in the stands, the victory or defeat is as much of a personal crisis as it is for his companions on the field. Naturally the alumni in the stands (and in Korea and Germany and Alaska and the other outlands where the game is broadcast by Armed Forces Radio) recall and feel this emotion, but scarcely more than the uncountable tens of millions who hang over their radio and TV sets that afternoon.

It hasn't always been so. The Army-Navy game has had some hard sledding through the decades. It started as a rather informal naval invasion of West Point, via the Hudson River, one fall day in 1890, but within four years the contest had grown so villainously rough that the academies called a five-year recess. They resumed playing each other in 1899, and the game grew steadily in prestige and quality until 1928. That year and the next, following a long

string of reversals, Navy refused to play Army because the latter insisted on using players who had had previous collegiate experience. The Cadets, then one of the truly formidable football powers in the country, employed such former college stars as Light Horse Harry Wilson and Chris Cagle, and the Midshipmen complained that they couldn't compete.

This ruckus was straightened out in 1930, and since then the series has progressed without interruption. It has constantly sought new and enlarged staging grounds on neutral territory to accommodate the insatiable demand for tickets—first, Franklin Field in Philadelphia, then the Polo Grounds in New York, once the mammoth Soldier Field in Chicago, several times Yankee Stadium and finally, almost always since 1958, the 102,000-capacity Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia. This year Army, the host team, could have sold out the stadium three times.

Commercially, the game is a bonanza for the two academies. They will split the \$540,000 in gate receipts (at \$6 a seat) and the additional \$125,000 for the TV and radio rights. The concessionaire, whose 600 vendors will hawk 150,000 hot dogs, 100,000 cups of coffee and 100,000 hot chocolates, 20,000 candy bars, 25,000 bags of peanuts, 20,000 pennants and badges, 10,000 corsets and 50,000 rain capes, adds another \$40,000 to the kitty. Each academy can expect to clear about \$200,000 for this one game, and it is this profit which relieves the taxpayer from supporting the athletic programs at the two institutions. In another three years the Air Force Academy will make a triangle of the service rivalry and some day add its own great names to the playing roster to go with those of James Van Fleet, William Halsey, Jonas Ingram and the rest.

FACTS & FIGURES

EVENT—The 56th meeting since 1890 between the U.S. Military Academy and the U.S. Naval Academy

PLACE—Municipal Stad., Philadelphia
TIME—Saturday, November 25, 1:30

ATTENDANCE—102,000; all tickets are gone

RADIO—Mutual, 1:15 p.m.

TELEVISION—NBC (color), 1:15 p.m.

SERIES RECORD—Army 28 wins; Navy 23 wins; 4 ties

RECORDS—Army 5-3-0; Navy 5-1-1

1ST SCORE—Navy 27, Army 20

OPPOSING COACHES—Colonel Earl Bakk (Army) in 15th year at West Point; Eddie Eriksen (Navy) in sixth year at Annapolis

OPPOSING CAPTAINS—Patrick N. Uebel (Army), fullback, from Bellevue, Ky.; John L. Hopkins (Navy), tackle, from Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Hickman's analysis, turn the page

For scouting reports, see page 26

HICKMAN ON ARMY: THE GAME THEY WANT

ARMY had one of its very finest football teams last year and seemed destined to be the scourge of the gridiron during the 1955 campaign. It was going to be a tough job to replace pitching Pete Vann at quarterback, but there was a plebe named Bob Schwarze coming on who Coach Earl Blaik felt was a fine prospect and an especially brilliant passer. Tommy Bell would certainly be missed at halfback but Bob Kysaky, Joe Cygier, Mike Zeigler, Pete Lash and Pat Uebel were returning. Don Hollender at end had received national recognition, as did Ralph Chemauskas at guard.

Then Blaik's troubles began. Plebe Schwarze was "found" because of

academic deficiencies. Zeigler ran into disciplinary troubles and was ineligible for the first two games. Kysaky had a recurrence of an old knee injury and Cygier broke his leg. What could conceivably have been a great Army year faded fast, and Blaik was forced into one of the most challenging experiments of his coaching career. He switched Hollender to quarterback—a daring but absolutely necessary move.

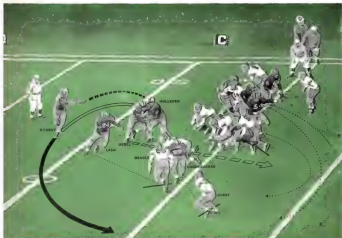
Early this year it looked as if Blaik might have been wrong for once. Hollender was having trouble handling the ball, and his left-handed passes were hard but erratic. His short ones were often too "heavy" to hold, and unless he had plenty of time he had trouble finding receivers for his long toses.

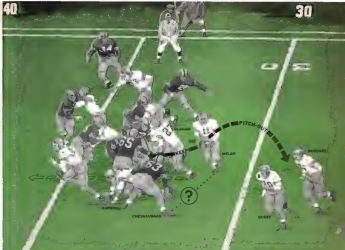
It wasn't long before Army opponents learned they could gang up on the running attack and forget the passes. In only one game did this formula fail to work. Against Colgate, Hollender flashed the form Colonel Blaik expected of him, completing seven of nine passes for three touchdowns. But over the season Don's record is only 22 completions in 63 attempts. Compare that

with Army's rushing yardage of 2,272. This despite the fact that the forward pass has not offered even a token threat so far. It just shows that, with Captain Uebel to carry through the middle and speedsters like Kysaky, Zeigler and Lash on the outside, Army can still move the ball, and with speed. (Pictured below is one of its favorite running patterns—the "outside belly," a part of the belly series.)

Of course, Colonel Blaik's Great Experiment was designed primarily for use against Navy. Hollender, one of the greatest competitors football has ever seen, may be a bear at his new position in the game that matters. His fine mates in the backfield should all be ready. And the Army defense, major team leader in that department, can be counted on to keep Navy under reasonable control, with savage gang tackling and tight pass defense. Psychologically, the outcome favors Army. Colonel Blaik probably wants this one more than any game since his first victory over Navy in 1944. It certainly would be a personal triumph for him and Don Hollender if the Cadets came through.

THE BELLY SERIES is the bread and butter of the Army offense. It can be run "inside," with Quarterback Don Hollender giving the ball to Fullback Pat Uebel to carry through the middle, or "outside," as pictured below. On this particular play Hollender takes handing off to Uebel, then pitches wide to Left Half Bob Kysaky. Ralph Chemauskas blocks the linebacker (Dick Guest) from his end position, and Right Half Pete Lash takes out the Navy end, Ron Benge, to clear Kysaky's path.





NAVY'S OPTION PLAY, executed brilliantly by Quarterback George Welsh, is pictured above. Welsh fakes to Left Half Ned Oldham, runs along line toward Army End Ralph Chesnaaskan. If Chesnaaskan goes for the ball, Welsh will pitch out to Halfback

Chet Barnett, going around end behind Fullback Dick Gunt's interference. If he chooses to protect against the pitch-out, Welsh will keep the ball and cut through the hole opened by Tackle John Hopkins, who paves the way by bleeding the Army tackle in.

ON NAVY: THE KEY IS GEORGE WELSH

WHERE IT NOT for the midseason loss to Notre Dame, this Navy team would probably be regarded as one of the best in the academy's history. All you have to do is look at the statistics to find the power of this year's team: fifth in the nation in total offense, first in passing, third in total defense. On top of that, Quarterback George Welsh is a leader in total individual offense with 1,163 yards, although he missed the Penn game.

Great as Welsh is—and great is the word to describe him—Navy is by no means a one-man show. It is blessed with a strong forward wall, including Captain John Hopkins, among the most rugged and underrated college tackles in business this year, and Ron Beagle, the left end, who was good enough for All-America last year. This year he is his old self on defense and has even improved as a pass receiver.

It is no reflection on George Welsh to say that his great pass receivers, particularly at the ends, have given him a decided advantage over his quarterbacking brethren around the country.

As noted, Navy is a fine defensive team—not big but scrappy and quick—and against passes they are superb. Nonetheless, when you think of the Midfies you think of offense. There is one of the most versatile I have seen in college ball. The key is Welsh, a little 5-foot 10-inch 148-pounder. He can do anything—fake, pass, run, think. He directs the Midfie attack with imagination and confidence. When he moves to right or left on Navy's broad-and-butter option play (shown in the diagram above), his split-second intuition is uncanny. He shows the defensive end the ball, and when the man has committed himself, George will either step nimbly through the line and be off

—or pitch out to his halfback. When you think you have that one solved he'll pass. With that kind of quarterback you simply can't cover all the possibilities. Colonel Blaik has kept a book on him all season and drilled his boys on the percentages when Welsh starts a play, but you can't always trust the percentages against the blow of Welsh. If Navy beats Army he will be regarded as the outstanding player in Annapolis' proud history.

So far Eddie Erdelatz, Navy's coach, has refused to nickname this year's team "Desire," as he did last year's. However, I have yet to see a Navy team lack desire against Army, and I don't expect to next Saturday. After all, Erdelatz has a 4-1 record against Blaik since reaching Annapolis, and if number five is accomplished, happiness will reign supreme in Crabtown and on all the ships at sea.

FOR SCOUTING REPORTS, TURN THE PAGE



SCOUTING REPORTS ON

ARMY

Strong defensively but with weak line reserves, the Cadets will be depending on backfield power to win the big one.



16 HOLLIDER



42 KYASKY



34 SLATER



24 BARTA



83 JOHNSON



74 REID



62 SLATER



54 SEVETECE



70 GOODWIN



65 STEPHENSON



63 CHESNAUSKAS

DON HOLLIDER (16), quarterback, 187 pounds. All-America end last year, moved to quarterback in spring and has had some trouble. But this boy is dangerous. Can throw the long pass, has excellent running ability, will gamble. Start worrying when he goes back to pass; he may decide to run and go all the way. Thousands defensive player from safety position.

BOB KYASKY (42), left half, 180. Last year as soph was hailed as second Glenn Davis but has been hurt most of this season. Has blinding speed and great broken-field ability.

DICK MURLAND (48), left half, 182. Typical Army back with speed, good leg drive. Run dive play and off tackle very well. Not so dangerous as last around end.

PAT GEBEL (34), fullback, 185. Team captain and work horse, has played three backfield positions this year. Fast and tough, makes off-tackle series go with running, faking. Good blocker. Smart pass defender, covers flatter or to wide side.

VINCE BARTA (17), fullback, 196. Sophomore. Long strider, covers ground fast. Very effective on dive play.

PETE LASH (24), right half, 170. Best at three-good Army right halfbacks. Great back, good speed, team's best wide runner. Has shown weakness on pass defense.

MIKE ZEIGLER (22), right half, 173. Best pass defender, runs well both inside and outside, very good as belly series.

BOB MUNGER (29), right half, 175. Sophomore, likes to play football. In a future great—and good enough right now. Fairly lots of power off tackle and enough speed to get around end.

RAY JOHNSON (83), left end, 189. Good hands and good speed, Army's best pass receiver; Hollider likes to throw long to him. Gets down very fast on punts and kickoffs, makes lots of tackles. On defense has been particularly strong to outside, rushes passer hard.

LOREN REID (74), left tackle, 186. Another sophomore, took over tackle when Chesnauskas went to end. Good prospect, punter well but can be run against.

STAN SLATER (32), left guard, 186. Undoubtedly one of country's best sophomore linemen, should develop into all-time Army great. Pulls on offense, is good blocker. Backs up line, diagnoses plays well, gets big share of tackles.

ED SEVETECE (54), center, 188. May be All-America in '36. A very good center; reasonable, quick and tough. Blocks well. Makes a lot of tackles, has wide range against passers. Middle linebacker but plays outside in Oklahoma defense.

FLAY GOODWIN (70), right guard, 194. Has experience and agility but can be handled; run at him. Plays over center on defense, pulls out to lead interference a lot on offense.

DICK STEPHENSON (65), right tackle, 185. Unsung hero of Army line. Very solid bulldozer, strong on defense. Pulls occasionally on offense. Handles kickoffs.

RALPH CHESNAUSKAS (63), right end, 195. Played guard as sophomore, tackle last year, now doing a good job at end. A real football player, all-out all the time. Hard to get around, blocks hard, has speed to get down under passes, fair receiver. Handles Army conversions, occasionally kicks off.

SATURDAY'S BIG GAME



NAVY

The veteran Middies have beautiful offensive balance and good reserves—plus a pair of famed young men named Welsh and Beagle



GEORGE WELSH (11), quarterback, 165 pounds. All-America candidate, one of nation's leaders in total offense. Played big role in victory over Army last year. Very dangerous on roll-out pass, runs well if receivers covered. Gambler, uses imagination, runs option play to perfection. Not too strong on pass defense but comes up fast to make tackle.

ED OLDHAM (27), left half, 177. Floor-sophomore back, equally good on offense or defense. Has speed, effective in open field, hard to bring down. Tackles well, covers on passes.

DICK GUEST (30), fullback, 193. Was good last year and has improved. His hard, has strong leg drive, likes to run between tackles. Backs up line, plays corner man.

VINCE MONTO (35), fullback, 261. Not as polished a runner as Guest but bigger and stronger. Doesn't pick holes too well, likes to try to run over tackles.

GRET BURCKETT (24), right half, 185. Not big, but fast and tough, can see all the way. Throws easy, soft on pass plays, also good receiver. Tackles hard. Can pass as him.

RON BEAGLE (80), left end, 194. All-American last year, looks like star to repeat. Even better on offense with more maneuverability; great receiver, strong blocker. On defense particularly tough in inside, covers outside well.

JOHN HOPKINS (77), left tackle, 259. Team captain and one of best linemen in country. Has speed, size, agility. Gains against his position, agile like all seasons. Very good blocker. Can be blocked on quick plays, hard to move out on delays. Jaw injured in practice last week but expected to be ready to play.

VERNON DANDER (63), left guard, 199. Was regular last year until hurt, has shared position with Mohr this season. Plays over center on defense, can be handled.

BILL MOHR (65), left guard, 197. Shares position with Dander, has played more since Penn game. Equal ability on defense but has shown some offensive weakness.

WILSON WHITMIRE (58), center, 188. One of country's best centers, should have a great duel with Savatone. Crisp tackler, excellent linebacker, diagnoses plays well. Blocks hard. Outstanding leader on field.

TONY STREMIC (61), right guard, 202. Sophomore but a regular all seasons. Tough, his hard, quick and agile. Linebacker on defense, likes contact, likes to tackle.

PAT MCDOOL (74), right tackle, 284. Shares job with Royer. Big, fast but can be trapped. Lots of yardage made through his position this season. Run at him.

JIM ROYER (71), right tackle, 206. Regular last year as soph, bothered by injuries this season. Good tackle, very strong, particularly tough on plays directly at him. Blocks hard.

JIM OWEN (83), right end, 202. Good performer on offense; catches ball and blocks well. On defense tough to the outside but has shown some weakness to inside. Most publicity has centered on Beagle but this end is almost as good.

EABLE SMITH (81), right end, 188. Shares position with Owen; appears to be all right now but has been bothered by injury. Good receiver, gets down fast. Proteges outside, makes power hard.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

DUCKS AT DAWN



During 1991-1992, over one million lbs of Virginia Seafood, 100,000 other items in
baskets and crates, were shipped across the state. This food continued to be
sold at 1/3 price that was very close to the original price of the product.

—Virginia Seafood Council





SPLASHING DUCKS, put up by a passing boat, take to the air on Back Bay where enthusiastic Virginia hunters reported sighting rafts of as many as 10,000 blues and canvasbacks last week.

SENATOR ROBERTSON, normally a crack shot, relies on a pair of ringnecks. As the ducks crossed in front of the blind, General Everett (whose gun barrel is foreground) appears dangerously





Close because of the camera angle, got his chance and scored a best, skiffed double.



WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

Opening Virginia's Back Bay season were Lieutenant General Frank F. Everest of the Air Force (left) and Senator A. Willis Robertson of Virginia, cosauthor of the Pittman-Robertson Act, probably the most important wild-life legislation since 1900



DIAMONDS, DOMES AND DOUBLE DOMES

In scholarly Princeton atmosphere
Walter O'Malley, Dodger president
gets first look at R. Buckminster
Fuller's model for a new ballpark

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL BLANCHER



MR. O'MALLEY Inspects Dodger-Fuller expanse model of Transamerica dome, which was constructed by Princeton graphics students.

FULLER, O'Malley and R. W. McLaughlin, director of the Princeton School of Architecture, gear profile into the stadium model.





PRO FOOTBALL IS PLENTY ROUGH

So says Don Paul, veteran linebacker with the Los Angeles Rams, who makes a careful distinction between rugged and "dirty ball," a phrase that has rocked the pros this year.

by MELVIN DURSLAG



PAUL: A GRIM LOSER IN '56 LIGHTS GAME

IN THIS most peculiar of professional football seasons, one of the oddest facts of all in the flibbertigibbetty scramble for league honors is the terrible publicity the game has been getting. Never have the pros played better, more exciting ball. Never have division races been tighter nor games more unpredictable. Yet hanging like a pall over the otherwise brilliant play are two nasty words: "dirty football."

The charge is not a new one. A year ago the Cleveland Browns' Otto Graham told SI readers in a signed article (Oct. 11, 1964) that both college and professional football were "getting too vicious." Three weeks ago, in a game against the New York Giants, Graham came up with what he felt was proof enough of his contention. He received a brain concussion, which he thinks was purposefully administered, although the point is denied vehemently by Giant Coach Jim Lee Howell and all the players involved. In the ensuing debate Graham was backed unexpectedly by Detroit Lion Halfback Doug Walker who modified an earlier stand (SI, Oct. 3): "More and more players," said Walker, "are wearing face guards every year . . . They're chiefly interested in protecting themselves against dirty football."

For every Graham and Walker, however, there are shrews of professionalism who say it just isn't so. Sammy Baugh, the old Redskins, who spent 14 years as pro ball's greatest star—and should therefore have been considered a prime target for young men bent on mayhem—gives the answer that is offered by most players. People pay to see the best football and that is what they get: vicious blocking and teeth-rattling tackles. Baugh says he was

"slugged lots of times," but he never thought the bombs tossed his way were with malice aforethought. "The linemen were supposed to knock me down, and I felt like I ought to pat them on the back—they were just doing what they were supposed to do."

Don Paul of the Los Angeles Rams is a man Baugh would have beaten black and blue on the back, complimenting him. In his own words, Paul is a "villain," or one of the select group of defensive players who delight in harassing the opposition as incessantly that before the day is out they will prefer sentinel duty in Siberia to a Sunday afternoon of football. It is the development of villainy, Paul thinks, that is responsible for the misconceptions about pro play that are upsetting so many people right now.

"VIPERS" ARE DIFFERENT

Villain is Paul's own word, but it describes the rough but legal tactics that Paul and defense men like him are using with increasing effectiveness against offensive backs. Paul has another word, "viper," which he uses to describe "dirty players." "Only a couple of vipers show up in the league each year," he says, "and generally they don't stick around very long. It's not too healthy for them. The pros are rough, but not dirty."

By way of distinction, Paul claims villains use a combination of brains and brawn. "We learn to rife backs methodically and slip in the last cuff, the last shoulder, or the last billy goat without getting caught. I guess you'd call it a coldly calculated plan of discouragement."

Not many people who watch pro football games are able to detect vil-

lains in action. Concealment is the essence of their operation. But to passers, receivers, blockers and ball carriers their presence is constantly felt. Villains are skilled technicians, Paul insists; and he includes Len Ford of Cleveland, Art Donovan of Baltimore, Hardy Brown of San Francisco, Chuck Bednarik of Philadelphia and Ed Sprinkle and George Connor of the Chicago Bears among the best.

It is Paul, however, who is generally accepted as the National Football League's most distinguished villain, an honor he is tendered in every opponent's dressing room. The linebacker, captain and eight-year veteran of the Rams is not the least ashamed of his reputation, although, like Lili St. Cyr, he feels at times both he and his artistry are misunderstood.

Away from football, Paul is the



A ROUGH ELBOW MAY SUFFER OF ENEMY . . .

"THE FOOT"**"THE CLUTCHER"****"THE HUMPER"****"THE CLAW"**

ROUGH BUT LEGAL. According to Paul, an NFL player. Leon above under nickname based on their specialties. From left:

George Connor, Chicago Bears; Chuck Beatty, Philadelphia Eagles; Harry Brown, San Francisco 49ers; Ed Sprinkle, Bears.

antithesis of his reputation. A graduate of UCLA and owner of a new restaurant in the San Fernando Valley, he is a gentle, jovial sort with curly hair, chubby cheeks and even dimples. He scarcely would pass, while walking down the street with his two children, as the league's most notorious rough guy. Indeed, Mrs. Paul describes Paul as a meek husband. "After all the things he endures in a game," she says, "nothing at home can be worth an argument."

Some members of the offense would no doubt settle for less domesticity. Last year, for instance, after a game with the Detroit Lions, the Lions were quoted in *TIME* as saying, "Don Paul is the dirtiest player in football."

This description surprised Paul.

"I can't imagine why they would say that," he said in a tone suggesting

injured feelings. "I'm sure it wasn't because I gave Leon Hart a few elbows as he ran down for passes. I've been doing that to him for years and he's never complained. He probably got axes at an incident in the second quarter. I had given him a little jab with my elbow, and he said to me, 'If you do that once more, I'm going to knock your brains out.'"

"Having now been threatened by a man who weighs 250 pounds—I'm just a dinky 230—I felt I had a right to seek protection. I squeaked over to the official and whispered that Hart was trying to get me. On the next play, Leon threw an elbow at me and the alerted official nailed the Lions for a 15-yard penalty. It was shortly after that that I got that *TIME* tribute."

The Lions, Paul feels, did him a grave injustice by implying that he played dirty.

"There is a big difference, you know," says Don. "A dirty player is one who purposely tries to injure his opponent to get him out of the game. Those are the guys I call vipers. No respectable villain will even talk to a viper. If I met one in an elevator, I'd spit in his face. A villain has a strategy, but not the viper. He will punch a player in the eye or knee him in the back just for meanness. I know one viper who does nothing except sneak up on players who are down and stomp on their hands." Among other things, Paul feels, injuring a man to get him out of the game can be bad planning.

"A substitute might come in and beat you," says Don. "The safest approach is to try to aggravate or intimidate the opponent to the point where he is giving only the minimum effort, but still stays in the game."

In a game three years ago between the Rams and Chicago Bears, Paul perpetrated what he considers his most masterful act of villainy. He subjected a high-spirited rookie halfback for the Bears to an unrelenting campaign of harassment and intimidation: on each tackle, an extra thump; when the rookie wasn't carrying the ball, a jostle. The player's temper drew slowly to a fine edge.

A HARBINGLING WRECK

Then he blew up. Trapped on a pickout, he reversed his field defiantly to avoid Paul and other taskless. By the time he was through, he had run backwards—51 yards—fumbled the ball and watched a Ram recover and run for a touchdown. The back was so exasperated that he sat down on the field and cried.

Only rarely, Paul admits, will the cunning of a villain pay off so directly. His program is usually aimed at contributing slowly to the psychic decay of an opponent until the latter's efficiency has been reduced.

Joe Perry, the fullback for the 49ers and the league's leading ground gainer the last two years, says that it is often the intention of the villain to make the opponent play a cautious game, which is ruinous.

One Paul technique is tough talk. "You question their courage and you threaten to bust 'em up every time they get close to you. It's surprising how many guys you can slow down that way. Of course, if they still keep coming, you have to use your muscles. The main thing is to plant the seed in one way or another that you're taking charge."

continued on page 59



... AND A TENDER PAT MAY DEMORALIZE HIM

THE INLAND WATERWAY: SEA ROAD SOUTH

by EZRA BOWEN

Where to go, what time to leave, what to see on the way and what to do in the various ports along the 944.1-mile waterway between Norfolk and Miami

BEGINNING in the Elizabeth River at Norfolk, Va., an unbroken sequence of bays, rivers, inlets and canals called the Inland Waterway (more formally the Intracoastal Waterway) stretches south to Miami. Starting from one point or the other a migrant yachtsman can travel its entire length, rarely leaving salt water and never entering the unprotected ocean.

There is a popular belief—fostered in part by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, which maintains the waterway, and in part by a dim yachting tradition—that the waterway actually goes from New York City to Galveston, Texas. Someday this may be true. At the moment it is a harmless fantasy that ignores some 180 miles of open water on the west coast of Florida, a 26-mile stretch of ocean just south of New

York, and a maddy nightmare known as the Jersey Waterway (see map).

From Norfolk to Miami, however, the waterway really exists, dredged to a mean low-water depth of eight feet to 12 feet, buoyed for boats heading in a southerly direction, and wide open to any boat owner who has the time, the money and an aversion to cold weather.

A fast (12-knot) power cruiser can make the trip in 10 days. Moving that quickly, however, is a mistake. There is too much to see along the way, and there are too many places where it is fun to lay over for a day or two. Two weeks is a reasonable time to allow for fast boats; and in two weeks a sailboat with a good auxiliary motor can make the whole trip, moving every day but not getting in after sundown.

In spite of the number of boats that travel on the waterway each year (the Bahia Mar marina in Fort Lauderdale serviced more than 1,000 boats last year), a trip down the waterway is still a rather unique adventure. It keeps its originality for two reasons: 1) most waterway travelers are perennials—professional skippers delivering boats to absentee owners, charter-boat captains following the fishing seasons, and semiretired yachting migrants who live aboard their boats most of the year; 2) no two trips down the waterway are the same. With this in mind, *SI* presents on these and the following pages the first day-to-day guide to the Inland Waterway, noting what a traveler should look for and what he may expect—or be surprised—to find along the way.

LOOK FOR YELLOW BANDS OR BORDERS

PORT-BAND marks are black with odd numbers. Painters indicate deep water inside the channel.

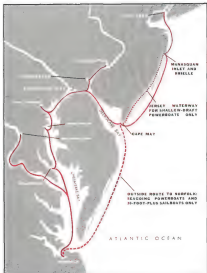
BLACK BAND and good tide indicators. They lean in the same direction current is flowing.

BLACK BANDS must be kept in perfect alignment, with circle directly on top of the diamond.

BLACK DAYMARKS are square—waterway symbol for marks that should be left to port.

BLACK DOLPHIN indicates a square daymark and a flashing light for nighttime navigation.

YELLOW TRIANGLE on a black harbor buoy means waterway travelers leave buoy to starboard.



NORTHERN APPROACHES TO THE INLAND WATERWAY

The coastal waters between New York and Norfolk are usually considered part of the Inland Waterway. Actually they are a jumble of real bays, unpleasant or downright dangerous inlets, major shipping channels and open ocean. Boats heading south from New York have a 26-mile stretch of unprotected ocean from Sandy Hook to the first inlet at Manasquan—considered one of the two best inlets on the Jersey Coast but hazardous in a strong onshore wind. From there, shallow-draft boats (4 feet or less) can take the twisting, mostly Jersey Waterway to Cape May. Deeper boats stay outside, being careful to avoid the steely built fish traps that poke up all along the coast. From Cape May, swinging powerboats and 24-foot-plus sailboats can make the 166-mile jump outside to Norfolk; but be sure to check weather first because there is nowhere to go in if there is a blow. The safe route from Cape May takes two or three days depending on speed of the boat. First leg goes up Delaware Bay, through the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal to Chesapeake City (74 miles) or to Annapolis (122 miles); then a rather pleasant run down the bay to Norfolk with a final stopover for slow boats at town of Solomons.

ON ALL INLAND WATERWAY MARKERS

STANDARD markers are painted red, carry even numbers. (Water markers susceptible to theft.)

RED NUMBERS on a red background are counterparts of black ones, also state good tide direction (if eddy).

RED RANGES should be spot-checked every 24 hours to be in perfect alignment.

RED DAYMARKER is triangular—warning symbol for markers to be left to the starboard hand.

RED DAYMARKERS show red or white flashing or fixed light at night. Black shows green or white.

YELLOW SQUARE on red background means narrow channel; square shows on their port hand.

FROM NORMAN. ELIZABETH CITY

THESE RESULTS ARE IN ACCORD WITH THE FINDINGS OF OTHER STUDIES THAT HAVE SHOWN THAT THE USE OF A SINGLE-STEP PROCESS CAN BE EFFECTIVE IN REDUCING THE RISK OF INFECTION IN PATIENTS WITH A SINGLE-STEP PROCESS.

STAFF: *See* Credit and Collections.

1ST DAY: Elizabeth City Shipyard, Elizabeth City, N.C.—*11.3 miles from Norfolk*

FROM MEMPHIS, ELIZABETH

Misses First Ward, Ref's

WED. DAY: Haverland City Youth Basin, Haverland City, N.C.—7:30 a.m./day

ATTILIO DI NINO, "CORRISPONDENTE IN ITALIA"

4 DAY: Hightower Hotel, Hightowerville Beach, N.J.—2600 miles

5TH DAY: Backport Marine, Backport, N.C. 27122

LETH DAY: *Don Gault's Night Busin. Day* (Gault). *Feb. - 1943*, vol. 1

12TH DAY: *Don Gossie Yacht Studio, Blue*
*diablo. Fla. - 1941. 1000***BIRTH DAY:**
 Third Father Beach Memory, West
 Father Beach, Ala., say; nation**11TH DAY:** Third Pafos Beach Marathon, World Pafos Beach, Pafos, and 2 other

the 10 weeks of the 1971 study

✓ In the Western U.S., deer and elk are usually

✓ In the Western U.S., low
salinity, the tree usually

Alfred E. Sloan, Jr.

BIRTH DAY: *Donnerstag, 1. März 1901*

BIRTH DAY: December 19, 1916, at
Cochran, Ga.

FROM PLOTTING MATERIAL

the canal opened for boat and water traffic. In addition, dolphin, barracuda, is flying fish, ray, and squid, were taken. Forty three fish were caught in traps. One tiger shark was caught in a trap. The fish were taken from the water. The fish were taken from the water. The fish were taken from the water.

Joe Kaufman

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www.pearsoned.com

APPROXIMATELY 100,000 PEOPLE ARE REPORTED TO HAVE DIED IN THE 1960S AND 1970S. THE CAUSE OF DEATHS WAS REPORTED TO BE VARIOUS, INCLUDING STARVATION, DISEASE, AND OTHER FACTORS.

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THE WATERWAY—DAY BY DAY



STARTING OFF

BEST DOCK in Norfolk is Norfolk Yacht and Country Club clubhouse closed Mondays on north bank Lafayette River just west of Hampton Boulevard Bridge; and this is the place to be in Norfolk. Water depth at gas pump is 20 feet at low tide, sloping to zero at water's edge. Yachts drawing 24 feet tie up no more than half way in. Dockmaster on hand 7:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. six days a week for gas, diesel fuel, water, ice, shore power. Tide drop 2 feet. Dockage free first night, 34 per foot (minimum \$2) succeeding nights. For your last-minute ending check phone **MECHANIC** Tyre Rains, available dawn to midnight; there is phone on dock and another inside main clubhouse. Full club privileges to yachtsmen with club affiliations include excellent dining room (meat and fish) with good food in \$2 to \$3 range, informal snack room bar during own bottle store Norfolk and points south to Florida are 3.2 times, 33 rooms with bath. Thursday night buffet (until Dec. 7), with dancing 9 to 12, Saturdays 10 to 1. Club Commodore is John B. Maddry, manager is William L. Haffner. **GROCKERS** call Cavalier and they deliver to the boat. **CHARTER** and navigation books at W. T. Browley or Eggleston and Co.; **MARINE STORES** at Patton and Co. and they will deliver. **BEST PUBLIC DOCK** in Port Elen Harbor Marina, quiet, well-managed, fully equipped and only six blocks from downtown Norfolk. For **MAJOR REPAIRS** try Virginia Boat and Yacht Service in West Norfolk, which has full dock service and is next door to Western Beach Diesel and Dock Service (engine, mechanical) and Dunne's **MARINE RAILWAY** (handles boats up to 70 feet and 100 tons). **SIGHTSEENERS** drive 20 miles northwest via Newport News ferry to Williamsburg (see map) or to Jamestown (first permanent English settlement in U.S.), or 17 miles to Yorktown (where Cornwallis surrendered). Berts and Avis rental cars are available. **HUNTERS** try the Great Dismal Swamp Canal for deer and bear, and contact H. L. Piggitt, 285 Kent Road in Deep Creek, Va. He is secretary of Big Entry Deer Club, private club which frequently accepts guests (best contact man is Leo Ford, maintenance man at yacht club). For ducks and geese try Carrick Sound, 24 miles by road from Norfolk. Good guides are J. E. Barnes or E. E. Williams in Knott's Island. **GOLFERS** try the Gosport View golf course only 4 miles from yacht club; or Cavalier Yacht and Country Club course (open to guests at Cavalier Hotel in Virginia Beach)—20 miles from Norfolk.

FIRST DAY

LEAVING NORFOLK head for Elizabeth City, N.C., 44.3 miles via Great Dismal Swamp Canal. **WARNING:** boats drawing 8 feet or more take alternate route through Virginia Cut to Colington, 42.3 miles from Norfolk. Leave no later than 9 a.m. to allow time for lockage and 6 mph speed limit in canal. First railroad drawbridge at south limit of Norfolk Navy Yard is nationalized sea opener. Be sure both spans of twin railroad-highway drawbridge just past red run 24 south of Norfolk are open before you go through. Watch for logs and snags in the canal. Note that waterway channel markings in upper Pamlico, as in many subsequent harbors, appear in reverse, i.e., black is starboard, red to port. So other yellow lateral waterway triangles (starboard) and squares (port) painted on markers. **BEST DOCK** in Elizabeth City is Elizabeth City Shipyard on right-hand bank, one-fourth mile past highway bridge. Yard has room for 150 boats, with 28 feet of water in all tides and no tide. Dockage 34 per foot per day. Yard has full crew of three **MECHANICS**, four electricians, 100 carpenters, a huge machine shop and a **MARINE RAILWAY** to handle boats up to 200 feet. Yard crew on hand Monday to Friday 8 to 12 and 1 to 5, and docks have gas, diesel fuel, water, shore power and live-on call through the yard office. For dock service after hours see watchmen in shed at gate. For register Saturday or Sunday phone Willie Vashant (manager of yard) at home, but be prepared to wait time and a half. Yard has lounge open 24 hours a day with wash rooms, showers, TV, lounge chairs, magazines and daily paper. For **GROCKERS** see six blocks to town for Cabaret or P&Q superbar, or phone W. S. Jones for delivered groceries. **LAUNDRY** and **CLEANING** through the yard office with 24-hour service. **BEST RESTAURANT** in town is The Circle (see map), a 250-person taxi ride (phone

Window taxi) for really superior steaks for \$1. For quick lunch or breakfast, try Carolina Coffee Shop 6 blocks from dock. For **SMITH-NEERS** Kitty Hawk (see map) is 45 miles by car from Elizabeth City, but this is really too far unless you make it a stop en route to **STUP FISHING** at Hatteras or Ocracoke beaches for striped (but small) and surf fish out of Morehead City or Wrightsville Beach. **DEEP SEA FISHERMEN** (see map) telephone 10 days ahead to Raleigh, N.C. to reserve boats of Kral Finner, Clam Stew or Edgar Styron for Gulf Stream fishing. **HUNTING** for ducks and geese on west shore of Currituck Sound, contact Guides Cowl, Juke and Woodrow Whitson through Currituck northshore.

SECOND DAY

LEAVING ELIZABETH CITY, slow boats (7 boats) get under way by 6:30 a.m. to make next stop at Belhaven, N.C. (25.3 miles) by dark. **WARNING:** before leaving, check weather or with CAA in Elizabeth City state route crosses Albemarle Sound, famous for sudden storms. Look for maps in lower Pamlico and especially in Alligator River-Pungo River Canal. **BEST DOCK** in Belhaven is River Forest Manor, a hard right just inside Belhaven breakwater. Manor has room for 20 to 25 boats. There are 8 feet of water at pierhead and supposedly same depth all the way in; but don't expect more than 5 1/2 feet in dock. No tide but a northwest or southeast wind can change depth as much as a foot. Dockage is free first night if you gas up, otherwise 44 per foot. Three-man dock crew is on duty 8 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. but don't expect too much action before 6:45 a.m. Dock has gas, diesel, water, shore power and ice, and there is supposed to be a Benthic on the pier by Nov. 21. For dock service after hours, check watchmen or go to dock inside the Manor—the big white house at the end of the pier. Pay phone, free showers and lounge chairs inside the Manor. **MECHANIC**, electrician, or electronic repairs through the office by asking Anna Smith, owner of the Manor. **MARINE RAILWAY** at Chester Sanctuary, a half mile up Pamlico Creek past the Manor. **GROCKERS** at Tarboro's or Johnston's Monday to Saturday, and both deliver. Nights and Sundays the Manor has groceries. **LAUNDRY** through Manor made for 8-hour service. **DIE CLEANING** picked up by Belhaven Dry Cleaners for same-day service. **BEST RESTAURANT** in town is in Manor which serves breakfast at any hour, dinner till 8:30 p.m. Food is average. Very late arrivals can get snacks through Mr. Smith. Manor also has 25 rooms running from \$4 to \$12 if you want to spend night ashore. **HUNTING** is the thing to do in Belhaven and worth a day's layover. This is exceptionally good year for Canada geese (see map). Through package deal with the Manor, you can get room, board and a full day's goose, duck, dove or bear shooting for \$19. Same arrangement for quail \$11. **FISHING** package deal for long-nosed bass, pickerel, crappie, perch, etc., costs \$15. Or you can fish off the Belhaven breakwater for nothing.

THIRD DAY

LEAVING BELHAVEN, shippers of slow boats can have breakfast ashore, leave at 8 a.m. and still make next stop at Morehead City, N.C. (28.5 miles) by 3 p.m. **WARNING:** light displacement motor cruisers consider laying over in Belhaven if wind is blowing strongly (25 mph from south or southeast). Lower Pungo River and Neuse (pronounced now) River can get steep and choppy in a blow. **BEST DOCK** in Morehead City is Morehead City Yacht Basin, a hard right before black oak No. 1 on starboard bank just shy of the drawbridge. Dock has space for 46 boats (all in slips), but is often crowded. Late arrivals phone ahead (8-4145). Eight feet of water at the gas pump, 3 feet in shallowest slip and a 3 1/2-foot tide. Dockage from \$1 to \$11 per day. New crew on duty 8 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. Dock has gas, diesel, water, shore power, live-by delivery, but not much after 3 p.m. unless you guess point with Dock Manager Warren L. Simpson Styron. For dock service after hours check the watchmen. Pay phone, showers and rest rooms at end of pier. Five **MECHANICS** on hand 7 a.m. to 1 p.m. Six days. See Styron to get mechanic Saturday or Sunday. Electrician through Styron, electronics next door to place at Cartwright Electronics. **MARINE RAILWAYS** at dock handle boats up to 140 feet. **GROCKERS** at Cherry's Market, and they deliver (owner available

at shore after hours. **LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING** at White Way Laundry. They deliver and will return mending laundry in late afternoon. **RESTAURANTS** are Teep's Banquet Hall Market; or Capt. Bill's Waterfront Restaurant, Gulf at Morehead City Yacht and Country Club 3 miles from basin (open to yachtsmen, bring more than 20 miles from the city); **HUNTING** for deer and bear at Open Grounds Farm 28 miles northwest of town through gulches John S. Mason (Boswell 2-5232) or George Stripes (Arlaite 212). For duck, try Quaker Monroe, Tom or Luther Gaskill, or try Haywood or Eugene Stripes, all on Cedar Island. **FISHING**, especially for striped on Core Bank, from Bruce Islet to Cape Lookout, is worth some day. Try Ann Harris or Earl Davis at Marshall-Bell for guide service. For **DEEP SEA FISHING** in Gulf Stream, many charter boats moored between Teep's and Capt. Bill's restaurants. Best are Hubert Fisher's Star Water, Willard Lewis's Gulfbees, or any of Olin Parkey's boats.

FOURTH DAY

LEAVING MOREHEAD CITY, slow boats leave off by 6:45 a.m. to make 67.4 miles to next stop at Wrightsville. **WARNING**—where waterway passes over inlet, i.e., Bogus Inlet, New River Inlet, etc., watch for side currents throwing boat off course. Also look out for local behavior in rowboats slugging channel through drawbridge at Wrightsville. **BEST DOCK** is Wrightsville Marina on left bank immediately past drawbridge, and single-one-way boat is sure to make landing about the 1 1/2-hour current. Marina has room for 45 boats (35 sign, others at pierhead). Fourteen feet of water at pierhead, 6 is shallowest dip and a 4-foot tide. Dockage \$2 per foot per day. Dock crew on duty 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., and late arrivals try night watchman. Dock has gas, diesel, water, shore power and ice. Lounge with wash room and showers closes at 8 p.m. Five **Mechanics** on hand 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. (Rushway and late hours phone Dock Manager Eugene A. Reynolds at home, Wilmington 3-1148). Ditch electricians, carpenters, painters. **MARINE BARRIERS** at marina handle boats up to 65 feet. **GROCERIES** from Rogers Grocery on Harbor Island, and they will deliver (Sundays phone 2399). **LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING** from New Way Cleaners and Laundry at Sigsbee for same-day service. **BEST RESTAURANTS** are Marina Restaurant just behind the dock and Faircloth's immediately across the bridge—both good on seafood (Marina is slightly more convenient), with steamed oysters a specialty. Wrightsville area is exceptional for **NIGHT-OWNERS**, especially in springtime when local plantation gardens bloom. Airlee Plantation is only one-half mile from marina on west bank of waterway. Hire car or cab from Yellow Cab in Wilmington and drive to Green Plantation on banks of Cape Fear River 24 miles from marina. Clarence Plantation (16 miles) or Pleasant Oaks (20 miles). For fall sight-seeing, in Wilmington itself are old buildings like St. James Church, Cornwallis House, Belfamy Mansion, etc. Also city-owned Grosvenor Park and for north-bound boats the annual Annapolis Festival the first week in April. **GOLF** at Cape Fear Country Club (see map), which honors other club memberships. This is where FGA holds annual Annapolis Open in connection with spring festival. Or try Wilmington Municipal 5 miles from marina. **FISHING** is real for striped 1 1/2 miles away on beach. Or hire charter boats at marina to get either good stripper fishing at Shell Island, Mason's Island and Elmore's Island. Some boats will go to Gulf Stream for marlin, mullfish (142 sails caught off Wrightsville last year), or stop to fish for stripper. Eddy Hazzamers in Wrightsville Beach also charters, as does D. M. George in Wilmington—either of these will take parties for full day or half day.

FIFTH DAY

LEAVING WRIGHTSVILLE, slow boats on tight schedule start at 6:55 a.m., knock up on food and air for Beaufort, 81.6 miles. Try to leave at dead low tide to ride current through moorings and down Cape Fear River. Boats drawing 5 1/2 feet or less, with speed to make long jump to Charleston following day, head for Bearfield Yacht Basin near Myrtle Beach, 21 miles north of Beaufort. **WARNING**—watch for boats in 2 1/2-mile run between Little River and Sonnetter Bridge. **BEST DOCK** is, in fact, just dock, in Beaufort in Beaufort Marina, on right bank just past red fashier 35. Slightly uncomfortable dock holds 30 boats, with 13 feet of water at gas pumps, 6 feet at bar and pier. Tide changes 3 feet. Dockage \$5 per foot per day. Dock crew on duty 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., and late arrivals call night watchman on houseboat by store. Dock has gas, diesel, water, shore power and ice. Lounge on dock has rest rooms, showers, chairs, magazines, TV. **Mechanics** on duty 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., and after hours out out

marina Owner J. P. Kittrell in two-story white house, 190 yards behind the dock. Electrician through Kittrell. **MARINE BARRIERS** at the dock handle boats up to 60 feet. Some **CHIN KIDS** at marina, or Kittrell will drive you 2 miles to C. O. Martin's. Give **LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING** to Kittrell to take in Conway for 24-hour service. Since nearest local restaurant definitely not worth the \$5 rub ride, eat dinner on the boat. At Myrtle Beach try **DOG** at Fish Tails International Country Club (which also offers rooms at \$6 to \$18). Also excellent golf at The Dunes Golf and Beach Club, most convenient for guests at Dunes Village motel (rooms from \$8 to \$15, 8 miles south). Good **RESTAURANTS** are the Pink House (buffet), the White House or the Planwood. **FISHING** off three jetties good, but the word in Myrtle Beach is relaxation.

SIXTH DAY

LEAVING BEAUFORT, slow boats get away by 6:55 a.m. to make 78.6-mile jump to Charleston. **BEST DOCK** is Charleston is the Charleston Municipal Yacht Basin, a hard right at red bilboes immediately beyond red run 4. Enter boats very slowly and look out for rusting, rustless iron (individual on left as you turn into basin. Marina has room for 176 boats, but space at pier is limited so phone ahead (unlisted number is 3-7727 and ask for Manager Mastrillo Ball). Eight feet of water in all slips at low water, tide drops 2 feet and boats drawing 7 1/2 feet leave on the half tide or better. Dockage costs 40 per foot per day. Dock crew on 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., Ball stays till 7, and later arrivals ask watchman for service. Marina has gas, diesel, water, shore power at 30¢ a night and ice. Shower and lounge next door at Charleston Yacht Club. **MID-MAN** at head of pier from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. during week, and Ball may be able to get one Saturday and Sunday at time and a half. Electrician through Ball, but no work Saturday a.m. or Sunday. Electronics were, **MARINE BARRIERS** at Mt. Pleasant Boat Building Co. handle boats up to 110 feet. **GROCERIES** (except from Harrell's Cabin, and they deliver) or try Rosenberger's Supermarket 4 blocks from marina. **LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING** really marina office for 24-hour service. **RESTAURANTS AND HOTELS** in Charleston are superb. And this, for waterfront boats, is first real oasis due largely to Charleston's generous disregard of state liquor laws. For dinner, try Freddie and order the crab soup and broiled soft-shell crab. Try informal lunch at Harrell's Cabin. Fort Sumner Hotel (rooms \$4.50 to \$20) and Francis Marion Hotel (\$1 to \$25.30) offer superior accommodations. Fort Sumner's Manager Don Grady is chairman for Advertising and Promotion Committee of local chamber of commerce and good man to check on Charleston activities. **NIGHT-OWNERS** in perhaps best on waterway, and tours are arranged by the hotels. Includes Fort Sumner, St. Michael's Church (built 1522), Old Powder Magazine (Revolutionary War), St. Andrew Church (1706), Sword Gate House (antebellum wrought iron), etc. Boats heading north in spring don't miss Magnolia Gardens, or Midkettle and Cypress gardens. Also fine sight-seeing walking down High Battery where waterfront lined with old houses, or try taking horse-carriage ride through old section of town. **FISHING** for largemouth bass and fresh-water stripper is excellent in Santee-Cooper Lakes; or in, wetlands, channel bass, king mackerel, bluefish and Spanish mackerel face Charleston jetties. There is some deer and turkey **HUNTING** if you want to scramble, and **DOG** is good at Charleston Country Club or Charleston Municipal.

SEVENTH DAY

LEAVING CHARLESTON try to shove off 1 1/2 hours before low tide to catch strong tidal currents along 58.5-mile run to Beaufort (pronounced Byew-tut). **WARNING** there are four slow, hand-operated drawbridges (plus two mechanical bridges) between Charleston and Beaufort. Approach slowly and have small anchor made up ready to heave off stern for extra-quick stop, in case bridge is extra slow. Channel twists, turns so often and so sharply that most mark you see ahead may not be the one to head for. Moral: keep close check on charts. **BEST DOCK** is Beaufort is combination of Beaufort Municipal Dock (see last) and Gulf Dock, hard right past Beaufort drawbridge. Gas up at Gulf Dock, then move to Municipal. Liao-handling by docks near here is likely to be sloppy, and there is strong eddy off Gulf Dock at flood tide, so watch your landing. Combined docks hold 14 boats. There are 13 feet at the gas pumps, 3 feet on inside of Municipal Dock. Normal tide drops 6 feet, and new-moon spring tides drop 9, so leave dock on low and view lines, and use plenty of springs and fenders. Dockage minimum \$4 a boat, 2¢ per foot over 30 feet. Dock crew on 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., then

phone Manager Arthur Green at home. Gulf Dock has gas and diesel, both docks have water, shore power and ice. Municipal has showers and lounge open 24 hours. **MECHANIC** Willy Yonasson available any time at 716-J. Electrician through Green. No electronic service. **MARINE RAILWAY** across river at Beaufort Boat Works takes boats up to 60 feet. **GROCERIES** one block from marina at Piggly Wiggly or A&P, or Woods Supermarket for dockside delivery. **LAUNDRY** and **DRY CLEANING** through City Laundry and Dry Cleaning Service for 24-hour service and dockside delivery. **BEST RESTAURANT** is in Gold Eagle Hotel, but check meal schedule. Same hotel has pleasant rooms from \$3.50 to \$5. For quick, informal steak, however, try Al's Steak House. **HUNTING** for deer and dove is monopolized by private clubs; but see Al Wilhelm at Al's Steak House for best local instructions. For quail, duck or turkey (at \$100 a day) wire Fred Buck at Hilton Head Island; for quail also try G. B. Schwarmer at Land's End Plantation on St. Helena Island, or Richard Rowland at Tidal Home guest house. Local **FISHING** for drum, cobia, sea bunn, sea trout, small and largemouth bass, brown and redfish; see Al Wilhelm or N. W. (Toots) Martin at Harvey's Barber Shop. **GOLF** at Ladies Island Country Club 5 miles from marina.

EIGHTH DAY

LEAVING BEAUFORT. You have time for breakfast where (Ocean View Cafe half a block from marina). This is earliest day of entire trip. Shows off at 9:30 or 10 a.m. for 46.4-mile hop to Isle of Hope. **WARNING**—bays in lower Beaufort River and Port Royal Sound are widely spaced. Check chart carefully and do not cut across shoals north and east of Parris Island. In upper Wilmington River just north of Causton Bluff, black range 23 and red range 24 are not back in bushes and hard to see against morning sun. **BEST DOCK** at Isle of Hope is Brady Boat Works. Some boats, however, pick Thunderbolt Yacht Basin 12 miles north of Brady's. Thunderbolt has room for 32 boats, 18 feet at pump and 1½ feet in slip, full dock service for gas, diesel, water, shore power, ice on 10-minute call, a good lounge with shower, a far bigger **MARINE RAILWAY** (111-foot capacity) than Brady, and is 4 miles closer to Savannah. But Brady has excellent dock crew and plenty of float space—essential in area of 8-foot tidal. Brady's holds 48 boats, has 18 feet at pumps, 12 is shallowest slip. Gas, diesel, water, shore power, ice at \$4 over 80 feet. Live crew on 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., after 8 go to Mr. Brady's two-story, white house at end of pier, or phone him (5548) from pay booth on dock. Marina has shower but no rest rooms. Two **MECHANICS** on 8 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., six days a week. Also house on Brady. Ditto electricians. Electronic call James Ryals (Savannah 4-5177) anytime. Fear **MARINE RAILWAYS** take boats from 28 to 50 feet. **GROCERIES** at Smith's Groceries half a block to the right, seven days a week. Shopping center 5 miles away at Bender's Corner (call Yellow Cab from Savannah or take Savannah bus) has two supermarkets (A&P and Colonial), and **LAUNDRY** and **DRY CLEANING**—also a self-service laundry—at C&D Cleaners. **BEST RESTAURANTS** near marina are Johnny Harris (dancing) 6 miles away on Victory Drive and Owl House in Bender's Corner area. In Savannah (8 miles) north is Pirate's House—waitress in pirate costume and cannon balls in the yard, with good steak and drinks. The Rex (somewhat fancy) also good; and the Savannah Yacht and Country Club (no gas, dry dock but good food) welcomes visiting yachtsmen. **BEST HOTEL** for weekenders is plush General Ogilchiesky (\$9 to \$17) 5 miles east of Savannah on Route 30, offering outdoor pool (shilly this time of year but fine in spring), 10-hole golf course, riding, candlelit dinners and dancing. Ogilchiesky guests may want to rent car from Avis or Hertz. In town try the Manger (hard to get at \$4.50 to \$58, or the DeBute (\$5 up). Other **GOLF** courses at Savannah Golf Club (if you know somebody) or at Buncie Park (public) 3 miles from Brady's. For **NIGHT-SEEING** go to Low House, Owens-Thomson House, others for fine displays of antiques, or go antique-buying instead (see map). **HUNTING** for quail or dove very close this year at John C. Coleman Hotel at Swainsboro 90 miles west of Savannah by road or air (\$18 base room, guide and dogs). **GOOD FISHING** for cobia and weakfish near Savannah, and for latest local information check Otis Stubbs at Stubbs Hardware Co. (phone 5148) or at home (phone 3-5086).

NINTH DAY

LEAVING ISLE OF HOPE. Slow boats get off by 6:15 a.m. to make 74.7 miles to next stop at St. Simon's Mills. Tide is no factor in determining departure time from Brady's, since cur-

rent changes direction also times en route to St. Simon's. **WARNING**—there are no regular gas facilities down Isle of Hope to St. Simon's, so low-capacity auxiliaries take on extra 1-gallon cans. Watch year bars coming out of Little Mud River and keep good line on stern range 126. Also keep sharp eye for ranges not back in bushes along edge of Bottomfield Sound. **BEST DOCK** at St. Simon's is Olsen's Yacht Yard on starboard hand just past Frederica River draw. Room for 40 boats, with 18 feet all around the dock. Tide drops 8 feet, but all boats are secured to floats except at pierhead and ladders on north end of pier where you have to bridge out. Olsen has gas, diesel, water, shore power and ice. Dockage from \$1 to \$2. Pier man on 24 hours. If not on dock, check house back of boat yard. Office building at pier end has shower, rest room, lounge. **MECHANIC** comes on 5:30 p.m. and works till boats are finished. If not on hand, phone Olsen at one of numbers posted in lounge. **MARINE RAILWAY** at yard handles boats up to 60 feet. **GROCERIES** delivered by Brooks Quality Food Store on Sea Island Road (phone 3801), and they are closed half day Thursdays. **LAUNDRY** (dry 48 hours) from Universal Laundry and Dry Cleaning in Brunswick, and they deliver at the dock. **DRY CLEANING** with 24-hour service, and Village Wash-O-Mat 2 miles away in St. Simon's Village; Yard Owners Club Olsen Sr. and Jr. will drive you in if you're stuck, or call Island Tag (3451). **BEST RESTAURANT** for quick, easy dinner is Sea Island Yacht Club across bridge from Olsen's, (they also have dock with gas, diesel, etc., but no floats), and they will pick you up. For seafood, try Dock Restaurant in Brunswick which also transports guests. Neartransporter but purveyor of best steak on St. Simon's Island is Frederica Yacht Club 8 miles from marina. **THE THING TO DO** if you have the time and the money (\$15 to \$25 per day, American plan) is to spend a few days at The Cloister hotel on Sea Island 6 miles from Olsen's. This is one of Atlantic coast's truly fine swimming places, featuring fancy beach club with kidney-shaped swimming pool (surf here is maddy and wild), horseback riding on beach, buffet luncheon, excellent golf course, closet shopping, fishing, mamb-ban hunting, night-seeing tours (ancient battle fields). Not quite so fancy is King and Prince Hotel on St. Simon's Island beach. Other **GOLF** at Brunswick Country Club 10 miles from Olsen's. Car rental through The Cloister but phone at least three days ahead. Other **TRIPPING** through K. A. Taylor on St. Simon's (phone 4552) at \$15 to \$20 per day for food, boat, motor, guide; and you can go for half a day.

TENTH DAY

LEAVING ST. SIMON'S. Slow boats can push off at 7 a.m., make the 62.7 miles to Jacksonville Beach before sundown. **WARNING**—watch for dangerously strong currents 3.7 miles north of St. John's River, where rip tide goes through Atlantic Boulders span at 5 knots. Auxiliaries and small single-engine powerboats will be slack tide. Two-crew boats coming down-tide advance very slowly and blow hard. When open is fully open, run through at nearly full power; coming up-tide enter as close as possible to dead center, with engines at full. **BEST DOCK** is El Verde Yacht Basin and Club on east beach just past second draw, mouth of St. John's River. (Outboarders and small inboard cruisers try Beach Marine Service just north of bridge. Beach Marine has gas, diesel, water and ice on 10-minute call. Service is good, but basin is not fully completed and space for big cruisers and auxiliaries is limited.) Pulling into El Verde be sure to land upcurrent as per instructions of owner and dock man, A.C.J. Mayer. Basin has room for 30 boats, with 12 feet all through the basin. Tide drops 3½ feet. Mages open for business 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., and available after hours in his room over clubhouse at end of pier. Dock has gas, diesel, water, shore power and ice on call. Dockage 40¢ per foot. **MECHANIC** and electrician on call from J. F. Bellinger and Sons at Atlantic Boulevard Monday to Friday, and other days call Mayer (Beach Marine has Mechanic-Electrician Johnny Moore on hand all the time). **MARINE RAILWAY** at Bellinger's takes boats up to 110 feet (Beach Marine has lift for boats 32 feet). **GROCERIES** from Bagger Supermarket at Jacksonville Beach, and they deliver. **LAUNDRY** and **DRY CLEANING** at Beach Laundry and Dry Cleaners for 24-hour service, and they also deliver. **BEST RESTAURANT** for quick meals is the Hamstead one-fourth mile up beach road from marina; but if you're tired, phone the Rutland which delivers but makes the chicken in a basket to the dock. Dinner dancing at Le Chateau on Atlantic Beach 6 miles from marina is worth a try (call Beach Yellow Cab, or hire car in Jacksonville from Avis, Hertz or National). Some entertainment in Jacksonville via Rainbow Room at George Washington Hotel). But best move, especially

for parkinson-puffers with extra day or two, is stay at the Inn (\$17 to \$32, American plan) at The Islets (\$2 to \$11.50, European), in Ponte Vedra Beach 7 miles from marina. Eighteen-hole GOLF course available to Inn and Islet guests in one of best in Florida. Other golf at Jacksonville Municipal course 23 miles from marina. Good food-water **FISHING** for schooling blue, brown and crappie in St. John's River. For latest local fishing information call Harry Pinkstein's tackle store or The Sport Shop (both in Jacksonville).

ALTERNATE STOPOVER between Jacksonville Beach and next full day's run to Daytona Beach is St. Augustine, 34.3 miles from El Verde and worth a stop for sight-seeing. Slow boats leave 10 Verde by 7 a.m. to give fullest possible day in St. Augustine. **BEST DOCK** is City Yacht Pier on west bank immediately below Bridge of Lions drive. Make your landing against 1-2-knot current. Dock (occasionally under repair), holds 8 boats, with 15 feet of water at the pierhead, 3' in shallowest spots. Tide drops 2 feet. Dock, open 2 a.m. to 7 p.m., has gas, diesel, water, shore power, ice on call. Dockage \$1.25 up to 18 feet, \$1.75 19 to 24 feet, \$1 over 24 feet. Dock has shower and rest rooms. **Mechanics** on call through Manager J. L. McDowell. Nearest **MARINE RAILWAY** at George's Marine Shop 2 miles up San Sebastian River holds boats up to 40 feet. Docks in right is rubble of town, but **UNDERDOCK** will be delivered if you call S. A. Snyder or Weinstein's. **LAUNDRY** and **DRY CLEANING** also delivered by St. Augustine Soft-water Laundry with same-day service if you give it to them by 9. **BEST RESTAURANT** for quick early lunch is Blue Bay across the street. Then start on **SIGHT-SEEING** tour of St. Augustine, which is oldest permanent white settlement in U.S. Tours are arranged by St. Augustine Trainee (motor-driven) at \$1.50 per person in see such sights as Fountain of Youth, The Old Slave Market, Mission de Nombre de Dios. If you want to make it fast, call St. Augustine Transfer Co. for a limousine. Shower and more hotel way is to hire a horse carriage (\$2.50 per hour). Or you can save the money and just walk (2 blocks to Castillo de San Marcos, 3 blocks to oldest house in U.S.). Incredible **GOLFERS** may want to play a few quick holes at Ponte de Leon Golf Club 2 1/2 miles north of marina and open to yachtmen. **FISHING** for snailfish and tuna is good through such channels as Captain George Maest (phone Valley 9-0403) or Captain Robert M. Brown (Valley 9-8881) for \$34 to \$45 per day for four people. But this is all-day proposition, and best plan for St. Augustine is to arrive early (about 10 a.m.), see the sights and shove off about 3:30 p.m. in order to spend night at Marineland 15.6 miles south. You will thus avoid spending night tied to exposed pierhead where 3-foot tide (no floats) and wash from local shrimp boats can chew up your woodwork.

ALTERNATE STOPOVER 39.4 miles north of Daytona Beach is Marineland particularly for sight-seeing. **ONLY DOCK** is the Marineland Dock on east bank just past white marker 87. Pier has room for 10 boats, with 7 to 8 feet of water throughout basin. Tide drops 2 1/2 feet. Dockmaster Barney Murphy lives on dock and is available after hours. Gas, diesel, water and shore power at pier, with dockage \$1 minimum. Showers and rest rooms at Dolphin Restaurant open until 9 p.m. **Mechanics** available through Murphy only in emergency; so this is not the place to break down, since nearest major repair facilities (including marine railways) are 15 miles away at St. Augustine. Light **GROUPEERS** can be bought at the dock. No quick laundry or dry cleaning available. Boats on a schedule should plan to push off for Daytona in early afternoon. **SIGHT-SEEING** is the thing to do in Marineland, and the place to go is the huge Oceanarium (see page 306 yards from dock. Oceanarium holds vast collection of salt-water fish (amber jack, surgeon, angelfish, shark, barracuda) visible through 300 portholes built into side of tank. Marine-land open 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Feedings are at 11 a.m., 2 and 4 p.m., and after Dec. 1 add feeding hours at 10 a.m., 12:30 and 3 p.m. Trained porpoise act goes on at 9:30 and 11:30 a.m., 1:25 and 3:30 p.m.

ELEVENTH DAY

LEAVING JACKSONVILLE BEACH for straight 71.7-mile run to Daytona Beach, slow boats get off by 6:55 a.m. (no stops at St. Augustine or Marineland). **WARNING**—there are four successive drawbridges (not crossing span at Ormond Beach) crossing

waterway in 2-mile stretch just off Daytona Beach. Do not short-cut out of channel by taking direct line from second span (Fairview Bridge) to third (Carlton-Blank Bridge). Stay in channel and best keep up to starboard markers to avoid shoaling out of fairway. **BEST DOCK** in Daytona, in best boat-manned marina with most superior repair facilities, than far on waterway, is Daytona Beach Boat Works, a right-angle turn below fourth bridge and immediately past black daymark 39. Many boats, especially small power cruisers, stay at Daytona Beach Municipal Yacht Basin (third right just after fourth draw), which has room for 100 boats, 10 feet of water throughout basin with 1-foot entrance channel, full dock service, showers, a Bendix on the dock and is 2 to 3 blocks closer to shopping center. But Boat Works is worth a night's stay in itself, and their repair facilities are indeed superb. Boat Works has room for 124 yachts, but they are usually loaded with houseboats so try not to get in too late unless you want to wait. If you do get in after dark, turn off the waterway, then line up two rows in rear of basin. Eight feet of water throughout basin and only 16-inch tide. Dockmaster Jim Smith on hand 7:30 a.m. to 7 p.m. for gas, diesel, water, shore power and ice on 15-minute call. For service 7 p.m. to 11 p.m., call watermen by dialing 6421 on pay phone in lounge (small white building along pier). Dockage for transients free first night, after that 26 per foot in open, 30 under shade. Full paid facilities open 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. five days, with half day Saturday (include **Mechanics**, electricians, carpenters, riggers, sheet metal workers, welding and pipe men, painters, electricians, sailmakers and **MARINE SHIP** and **RAILWAYS** for boats up to 145 feet. Lounge with TV, magazines, chairs (very comfortable), open 24 hours, and attached luncheon room (open 8 a.m. to 7:30 p.m.) has really good, quick food. **LAUNDRY** and **DRY CLEANING** through dockmaster, and 8 a.m. clothes come back clean at 5 p.m. if recommended to leave basin (or if staying at marineland dock). Call Clinton last and ride three-fourth mile to Jackson's Coffee Shop, or for slightly quieter meal go 2 1/2 miles farther to Chas Brucher. Boat Works also has guest cottages (4 in beds, living room, kitchen and bath) overlooking harbor for \$6 per day or \$34 per week if your boat is being fixed. Beach at Daytona is one of longest and widest in world, but end of Nov. too late for sensible swimming. If open, however, install yourself at Daytona Plaza Hotel (36 to 116 3 miles from basin. Lounge on beach all day, have cocktails across street in Seashore Manor, then dance in hotel's Ocean Room or hire car (Avis or Hertz) and go for drive on beach. **GOLF** at Elvira Village Course or at Daytona Beach Golf and Country Club half a mile from boat works, or at Riviera Country Club 4 miles away—all open to visiting parkinson.

TWELFTH DAY

LEAVING DAYTONA, shove off by 6:55 a.m. to make Eaa Galle (pronounced O'Gally), 73.8 miles away. **BEST DOCK** in Eaa Galle is Eaa Galle Yacht Basin, an extra-hand right at red marker 2 below Eaa Galle, then follow port-band daymarks into basin. There is room for 35 boats with 15 feet of water at the dock. Channel is, however, is dredged to only 8 feet. No tide. Dock crew on 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. After hours see Manager T. R. Whitehead in room over office. Dock has gas, diesel, water, shore power, ice from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. on dock, and afterward see Mr. Whitehead. This yard is miniature of Daytona Boat Works, i.e., they have everything, but on small scale. **Mechanics** at yard 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. five days and till noon Saturday. After hours see Mr. Whitehead. Ditto electricians, carpenters, metal workers, painters, canvas workers. Electricians especially good here. **MARINE RAILWAYS** handle boats up to 85 feet. **BOOK KERS** from Crew's Supermarket 2 blocks from marina on U.S. 1. **LAUNDRY** and **DRY CLEANING** through Whitehead, 24-hour service. Best idea is to have dinner on boat, then sit on fastall and fish for nothing in particular in this quiet, pleasant little basin. Boats making long jump to West Palm Beach may want to bypass Eaa Galle for Indian River Marine Basin 4 miles farther south in Melbourne. Take an extra hard right at red sea 4, then up small 7-foot channel into basin. Get gas or diesel at dock on right; has room for 40 boats, 3 feet at pump. **MARINE RAILWAY** for boats up to 50 feet. Then move to Melbourne City Dock 400 yards farther inside harbor. Dock takes 22 boats, water and shore power available. Dock is also black from shopping center and from Pickwick Tea Room (try the beefed-up panini). Other good food at Marie's River View, a block from dock. Less than a block away is Havenside Motel (87 for double room), pleasant place to spend night ashore. However, Eaa Galle docking facilities are better.

ALTERNATE STOPOVER at Port Pines, 44.5 miles south of

Est Galle (in case 12- to 13-hour run to West Palm Beach sounds too long to slow boats) is one of top fishing spots on waterway. **WARNING**—bad tide runs through Port Pierce Inlet carry across span of first drawbridge. **Marlin**: hang back till the draw is wide open, then go through with plenty of power, favoring side from which current is flowing. **BEST DOCK** in Port Pierce Yacht Basin, right-angle turn at mid run 2½ just below second drawbridge. Basin holds 120 boats, with 8 feet all the way around entrance channel dredged to 3½ feet. Tide drop is one foot. Dock crew on 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. for gas, water, shore power and ice. After hours, blow horn for attendant who is there 24 hours. Dockage \$2 per foot per day. There are showers at end of dock. **MECHANIC**: on call around the clock through dock main. Electrician and electronics through Manager Joe Turmy. **MARINE ELEVATOR** takes boats up to 65 feet. **GROCKERS** at A&P 1½ miles from marina, and they deliver. **LAUNDRY** and **DRY CLEANING** at Warner's Laundry for 12-hour service. Ship Abey Restaurant at the basin is adequate for quick needs. Ship Abey Restaurant on causeway one mile from basin (Port Pierce Cab Co.) best bet for dinner ashore. **NIGHT-SEEKING** worthwhile here but involves some heavy traveling. Sorkula Island reservation (see map) are 27 miles away on Lake Okechobee. Rent car from Hertz. If traveling in outboard cruiser or inboard cruiser drawing 1½ feet or less, you can take extra two to three days and go to Okechobee via the St. Lucie canal from Stuart, 29 miles south of Port Pierce by water. Also might try McKee's Jungle Gardens (elephants, penguins, bobcats and vast botanical display) 14 miles down U.S. 1; but this is not a rest. **FISHING** is the big attraction in Port Pierce. Gulf Stream charter boats (try Capt. George Arches of the Victory Two or Capt. Walter Erple of the City of Port Pierce) at marina for \$60 per day for six persons. Sea trout, channel bass in the Indian River section of waterway from Port Pierce to Stuart. Boats and guides down Capt. Walter Cochran at Anthon 3 miles south. Fastest (and least expensive) salt water fishing from Port Pierce causeway. Fresh-water fish, especially bass in north branch of St. Lucie River and at Stuart 18 miles by car from Port Pierce marina. Incidentally, Stuart has fairly good small-bait facilities at Anchorage Hotel, and somewhat more spartan things for bigger boats at Stuart Marine Service and Gulf Dock.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

LEAVING KAU GALLIE for straight run to West Palm Beach (no stops at Port Pierce or Stuart), slow boats get under way by 5:30 a.m. This is longest single day on the waterway (35 miles), and although West Palm marina is well lighted, it is never reach his coming into a new harbor after dark. **BEST DOCK** in West Palm Beach is the West Palm Beach Marina on west bank of waterway immediately below Flagler Memorial drawbridge. Basin holds 148 boats, with 13 feet of water at the pumps, but only 5 feet on outside of most westerly pier. Tide 2½ feet. Dockmaster City Caudell on hand 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. for gas, diesel. For fuel between 7 p.m. and 10 p.m. ask man in gas station at end of pier. Shore power and water coin 25¢ per day. Ice deliveries at 9:30 and 5 a.m., and Caudell keeps 500 pounds at the dock for emergencies. Dockage \$2 per foot, 1¢ minimum. Showers, rest rooms available 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. in Buck Bay (small white building at end of pier where food is served from Nov. 15 to May 15), and ask for key at gas station. **MECHANIC** for gas engine from Wood's Chrysler or for diesel from Marine Engine Equipment Co. 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday to Saturday. Sundays and late hours see Caudell. Electrician and electronics from Sykes and Zweig across street from marina 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.; nights and Sundays phone Sykes at home (7936). **MARINE RAILWAY** for boats up to 56 feet at Milling's Marinas in Riviera Beach (pronounced Riv-er-ah) on waterway 3 miles from basin. Rybovich Boat Yard in West Palm Beach 1½ miles from basin takes powerboats up to 78 feet and is one of best runs in Florida on repairs. **GROCKERS** (appetite) from Bantam's Supermarket or (less expensive) from Southampton Markets, and they both deliver. **LAUNDRY** and **DRY CLEANING** with a.m. to p.m. service from Gullstrand, Dale or West Palm Beach Laundry. **Patio RESTAURANT** 2½ blocks west of marina is quick and good. Morrison's Imperial Home in the Foxxyviana Hotel 2 blocks west is the place for a family dinner. For soft lights and French food, Nina's Continental 2½ blocks east. **BEST HOTELS** are The Palm Beach Biltmore and The Breakers across the bridge in Palm Beach. Least expensive is Biltmore (\$14 to \$32 including breakfast). Breakers, closed until Dec. 19th opening of winter season, has not released new rate schedule. Dancing (jazz), jazz at O'Hara's or the Moon-martine in Palm Beach—Yellow Cab. Dancing at Monte Cristo

Hotel or Casa Blanca. **FISHING** for blue, pompano, snook, snook off bridges or end of Palm Beach fishing pier. Charter boats for Gulf Stream fishing at marina or at Layton's Pier in Riviera Beach 3 miles north. **GOLF** at Palm Beach Winter Club 7 miles north on U.S. 1, or West Palm Beach Country Club 3 miles south, or at Lake Worth Golf Club 7 miles away in Lake Worth. Yachtmen welcome at all three. Good alternate view in West Palm Beach is Palm Beach Yacht Club (public), on west bank of waterway at mid run 16 immediately north of Flagler Bridge. Room for 46 boats, with 8 feet of water on north side of pier, but only 4 feet in close on south side. Gas, diesel, water, power by meter with 25¢ minimum, ice on call 8 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. Showers, rest rooms, small lounge with TV open till midnight. Club is 2 to 3 blocks farther from shore.

WATERWAY TERMINUS NO. 1 is 35.5 miles south of West Palm Beach at Bahia Mar marina in Port Lauderdale, where last year 350 people stepped short of Miami to spend winter aboard their boats. Basin is on east bank of waterway past black daymark 13, below Las Olas swing bridge. Bahia Mar holds 450 boats with 10 feet throughout the basin. Tide drops 2½ feet. Service station crew on hand 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. for gas, diesel. After hours see watchman at the tower. Ice available at dock. Water, shore power in all piers. Dockage \$15 to Nov. 31 for boats up to 50 feet, \$25 from 58. Dec. to April dockage from \$1.50 to \$7 per day depending on dock used. **MECHANIC** at dock 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. and after hours through watchman. Electrician and electronics on call during and after hours. **Three MARINE ELEVATORS** in basin handle boats up to 65 feet. Basin sees 60 boats (and up to 125 feet) go to Broward Marine 4 miles up New River. **GROCKERS** from Bahia Mar Market (open 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.) and marina also has full stock of marine stores. **LAUNDRY** and **DRY CLEANING** picked up at the dock by Jack H. Worth Laundry with same-day service. **GOOD RESTAURANT** at Marina open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Private club (bar and dining room membership \$100 per year with \$200 initiation fee) is on second floor of same building and is the Place to Be for Bahia Mar regulars. Water taxi to town 35¢ for anyone who wants to go. Three boats leave marina twice daily for three-hour **NIGHT-SEEKING** trips into Everglades. Excellent ocean beach is 500 yards from marina. Twenty-one charter boats for Gulf Stream **FISHING** (rate average \$20 a day) at the basin. **GOLF** at Plantation Golf Course, 7 miles west of town, or at Port Lauderdale Golf and Country Club, 8 miles away (both open to yachtsmen).

FOURTEENTH DAY.

LEAVING WEST PALM BEACH for straight leg to Miami (no stopovers at Port Lauderdale) slow boats leave at 7 a.m. to make last run of 36.6 miles. **BEST DOCK** for visitors who want to spend nights aboard their boats (some Miami marinas do not allow this) is Diner Key Yacht Basin five miles south of Rickenbacker Causeway. Basin holds 166 boats, but depth in basin and least-in channel is only 5 feet (deeper boats—up to 9 feet—should go to City Yacht Basin). Tide drop is 3 feet. Dock crew on duty 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., after hours try gas or watchman on all night. Gas at Bantam Marina 100 yards north, gas and diesel at Merrill-Silver Boat Yard, 280 yards north. Dockage at Diner Key is 5¢ a foot overnight, at a foot 7¢ you stay a month. Showers and rest room in main building. **MECHANIC** from Merrill-Silver, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., and after hours through watchman at dock. Electricity and electronics at Merrill-Silver, where **MARINE RAILWAY** handles boats up to 70 feet. **GROCKERS** from Village Market in Coconut Grove one mile from marina, or deliveries from Miami Grocery or Tip Top in Miami. **LAUNDRY** and **DRY CLEANING** picked up and delivered at dock. Miami is six miles from the marina by boat but leaving every 20 minutes, or rent a car from Hertz or Ryder Service. **RESTAURANTS** and night clubs abound. For a starter, the Red Couch Grill, the Bahama and the Flame are all good steak houses. In Miami Beach, the Cathay House (Chinese) and the Embury (barbecue) are worth a try. The Vagabond **NIGHT CLUB** in Miami and the Beachcomber in Miami Beach usually have entertaining shows. However, practically all the big hotels in Miami Beach have passable shows at lower prices than night clubs. For **HOTELS** in Miami try the McAlister (\$7 to \$22) or Coleman (\$8 to \$25), or any of the hundreds of hotels at all rates in the area. For Gulf Stream **FISHING** there are 18 charter boats at Diner Key (\$50 a day for fuel), and there are 28 charter boats available at the famous Pier 5 at City Yacht Basin (\$50 to \$65 for 4 to 6 persons all day, \$25 to \$45 half day). For **GOLF** try the Biltmore course in Coral Gables or the Miami Springs, both public courses, or the Miami Shores, open to yachtsmen with club affiliation.

HIGH POINTS AND LOW MOMENTS

THE TRAVELER who has sailed the waterway is likely to experience one of two sensations when he reaches his goal: relief at the trip being over, or regret. This is true of practically all boat trips, but the waterway, being somewhat longer than the average cruise, has a way of producing particularly intense feelings.

Take the first day. It is possible to get from Norfolk to Elizabeth City in seven smooth hours. It is also possible to take a lot longer, especially if you catch the keeper of the railroad drawbridge at the south end of the Norfolk Navy Yard on one of his bad days. He is one of the waterway's celebrated individuals. Therefore it is wise, after blowing for the bridge, to shift into neutral—if not reverse. After a considerable time the spas may swing open. If it doesn't, resist the natural impulse to turn and wait out of the channel in the Navy berths on the starboard hand. The writer tried this a few weeks ago. In mid-morning there was a hoarse blast like one note on an old ah-soo-ga Model T horn and a large life raft came hurtling off the end of an aircraft carrier and whizzed into the water about 150 yards from the boat.

The carrier was testing its catapult. It worked fine.

Just below the Navy Yard is the Great Dismal Swamp, an extensive bog inhabited by deer, bear and catfish. It is not a good idea to run out of gas or break down in the Great Dismal Swamp. In the final 10 miles to the outskirts of Elizabeth City there are two houses, one at Potomac Quarter Landing (no interest in passing boats) and one at Shipyard Landing (no shipyard). And the man who tows you into Elizabeth City—as the writer knows to his sorrow—charges \$10 an hour, portal to portal.

Too many of these experiences can bend the spirit of even the most enthusiastic cruising man. It is, however, possible to sweep all the way to Miami without the smallest mishap—except the occasional running aground which is so standard on the waterway that it embarrasses no one.

You are likely to run into some characters—like the three ladies, none of whom had ever before owned a boat, who bought a cruiser and set out from Norfolk with no charts aboard but an automobile road map. Every time they came to a body of water they couldn't see across, they waited and followed the next boat that happened along. These tactics convulsed marina operators along the route. By all reports,

however, the ladies reached Miami with no trouble beyond an occasional absent-minded running out of gas.

The marina operators also tell about the man in the converted landing craft who would get a local fisherman to tow him into mid-channel each morning, where he would flag a passing boat and get a tow as far down the line as possible while he sat in the stern of his barge watching television. He made it all the way to Morehead City before one of the tow boats found the barge's engine never did work and walked off with the TV set in payment for the tow.

Even without breakdowns and the characters, there is enough on the waterway to keep the yachtsman interested through a dozen trips. There is an extraordinary beauty to a Carolina salt marsh on a late fall afternoon, with the great barrier dunes in the background. And in the winding swamps below Backport the past of great plantations and pirate raiders hangs close to the live oaks and Spanish moss. In the towns, too, like Charleston and Savannah, there is a magnetic feeling of oldness. And during the last days of the trip there is, of course, Florida, where it might be possible for a yachtsman to become bored—but he would have to work at it very hard. (ENR)

WATERWAY TRAVELERS HAVE THESE THINGS ABOARD

FOR THE MEN

- 1 pair Topiders
- 1 pair loafers
- 4 pair wool socks
- 2 pair nylon going-ashore socks
- 2 pair nylon undershorts
- 2 T-shirts
- 2 pair flannel pajamas
- 1 pair Bermuda shorts (old)
- 1 pair dungarees
- 2 pair khakis (new enough to wash and wear ashore)
- 2 polo shirts
- 1 work shirt
- 2 going-ashore shirts
- 1 sports jacket
- 1 light sweater
- 1 heavy sweater
- 1 foul-weather suit
- 1 going-ashore raincoat
- optional: rifle trunk

FOR THE LADIES

- 1 pair Topiders
- 1 pair sensible shoes
- 1 pair heels
- 4 pair wool or nylon socks
- 2 pair Bermuda socks
- 3 pair dark Bermuda shorts
- 3 pair dark wool slacks, or
- 1 pair dungarees and long johns
- 1 pair short shorts
- 2 nylon bloomers
- nylon underwear
- 2 flannel nightgowns or pajamas
- 1 light sweater
- 1 heavy sweater
- 1 slicker
- 1 cover dress
- 1 good sweater and skirt
- 2 pair nylon stockings
- 1 light shoe raincoat
- optional: swimsuit

FOR THE BOAT

- 1 good jackknife
- 1 small Danforth anchor with 5 feet light chain and 50 feet half-inch nylon line for hooking off mud banks, for stern anchoring and for heaving off stern to make quick stops at bridges.
- extra docklines for springs and bristles
- 1 searchlight or flashlight with additional beam of 150 yards
- 1 sounding pole (and line) with depth of boat marked in bright paint
- 2 extra fenders and 2 fender boards
- U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey chart: No. 400 for Norfolk Harbor, Nos. 839-848 for waterway, No. 1,258 for Albemarle Sound
- 1 copy U.S. Coast Pilot, Atlantic Coast, Section D
- 1 pair strong binoculars (for buoy and bird watching)
- optional: Texaco, Mobilgas or Esso cruise maps of Norfolk-Miami area

WATCH FOR THESE WARNINGS

STORM SIGNALS DISPLAYED
AT GOVERNMENT STATIONS



SMALL CRAFT WARNING
WIND APPROX. 21 MPH



NORTHEAST STORM
WIND APPROX. 31 TO 35



SOUTHEAST STORM
WIND APPROX. 31 TO 35



SOUTHWEST STORM
WIND APPROX. 31 TO 35



NORTHWEST STORM
WIND APPROX. 31 TO 35



GALE OR HURRICANE
WIND 35 MPH OR



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ROSE BOWL BOUND

As 95,000 looked on in sparkling California weather and millions more watched on television, Sam Brown and his UCLA teammates raced past an old cross-town rival, Southern California, and right on into the Rose Bowl

by JAMES MURRAY

THE WEEK BEFORE the game, a sports columnist asked Coach Red Sanders who was going to win. "Let's put it this way," suggested Sanders: "How should I know?"

Put this way, Coach Sanders had added just the right note to the USC-UCLA game which was a typical southern California production—a little limerick, a little drama and a lot of comedy. It was funny to everybody but USC Coach Jess Hill.

To begin with, there was Harvey Knox in the press box, a sportswriter for the day for one of the local papers, looking forward to sitting in judgment on his sworn enemies—football coaches. Then there was the telegram from a rather unusual USC roster which Coach Hill pinned on the dressing room bulletin board. Wined Mrs. Leslie Wilson Craig: "Dear Trojans. Here is a little power thought. Formulate and stamp indelibly on your mind a mental picture of yourselves as succeeding. Hold this picture tenaciously. Never permit it to fade. Your mind will seek to develop this picture. Never doubt the reality of the mental image. This is most dangerous for the mind. . . . Whenever a negative thought concerning your personal power comes, deliberately voice a positive thought to cancel it out."

It was, all hands agreed, one of the most unusual pep talks any football squad was ever presented with. And when the game started, the dear Trojans were holding the mental picture of themselves succeeding so tenaciously that they lined up for the kickoff offside.

It wouldn't have mattered except that Left Halfback Jon Arnett ran that kickoff back 97 yards for a touchdown through a corridor of up-ended, shatter-blocked UCLA players. The officials called it back and right then and there the mental picture began to fade. On the very next kickoff, Arnett caught the ball resignedly in the end zone and didn't bother to run it out a step. He acted like a guy who knew when he was licked.

The Bruins forthwith began to play with the same attitude of detached curiosity as their Coach Sanders had shown. Like Red, they didn't know who was going to win either and thus unconfused by any mental images, they



CONVERTED BY JIM DECKER, BOB DAVENPORT, AND BERNARD LUND

proceeded to grind down the field in accordance with No. 10 of Red Sanders' 10 football commandments, the ones he pins on the locker room walls before every game. The 10th commandment is "win the surest way," and this is exactly what UCLA did, 17-7. It threw only two passes—both poor but both completed, thanks to some incredible gymnastics on the part of Ends John Smith and Bernnie Ludd. The game was won, as most Sanders games are, by alternate sweeps by Tailback Sam Brown and line plunges by Fullback Bob Davenport. There was a key field goal by Jim Decker, but Sam Brown literally terrorized USC, running from a fake pass, from a fake kick and a fake handoff. Other times, he just forthrightly telegraphed he was coming and ran away from them anyway. He rolled up a staggering 153 yards, carried the ball a whopping 27 times, and the sight of Sam Brown churning around and/or waving a fake pass over his head like a tomahawk must have been enough to make Mrs. Craig begin to doubt the power of positive thinking. Fullback Davenport carried 22 times, rolled up 78 yards, most of them with two or more Trojans riding on his back.

Probably because the game was on national TV, the



JIM BROWN, UCLA TAILBACK, SAN DIEGO'S BONNIE BROWN RACES FOR YARDAGE AROUND RIGHT END

officials saw fit to keep up their parts in the show and by the end of the half they had rolled up 123 yards in penalties and were a throat all the way to overtake Sam Brown for the day's ground-gaining honors. They fell short of him by only five yards.

SPECTATOR FOR THE DAY: RONNIE KNOX

The day was perfect for football—or anything else. A midweek rain had washed away the smog and the temperature was in the 80s, hotter down on the floor of the Coliseum which was all but filled with 93,876 fans. The Bruins, crippled by the loss of their paining ace, Ronnie Knox, who sat on the bench cradling his crutches, his fractured ankle in a cast, were only lukewarm favorites. As everyone knew, USC had halfbacks to burn—after the game their posters thought it was a good idea. This was the year of the nose in the Pacific Coast Conference, and the football West had become wild again. The coach who hadn't been strung up at least in effigy was a nobody. When the game started, the Bruins had an unstrung coach and a 5-0 conference record, Oregon State had a 3-1 record. If UCLA lost and USC won (it did not, Oregon triumphing 28-9, Oregon State would

technically have been conference champion. It would have been inhumane to feed Oregon State to the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl but a resounding Bruin defeat might have forced the conference hand.

Fortunately, USC saved everybody embarrassment. A fine, leekish bunch of mastodons, USC has been suspected of having the finest football squad in the West, but that historically has been the trouble—they raise squads at Troy instead of teams. They seemed to have quarterback, sneak specialists in the game when long-past artists were called for and vice versa. Where UCLA's best backs carried the ball 43 times, USC's best back (Arnett) unaccountably carried it only 9. This was Sanders' third win in a row over USC. He has lost only one conference game in three years—by one point two years ago—and Sanders was doing his best to remain modest and gracious in the dressing room after the game. "Nobody tried any harder," he murmured about USC. Sanders grinned wryly when asked about Michigan State, his forthcoming Rose Bowl opponent. "I hear they're just about the best in the business," he drawled. Was he pleased they were coming? Sanders grinned slowly. "Not especially."

FOR MORE FOOTBALL, TURN PAGE



A SHOOTING, TACKLE TEMPORARILY HALTS OHIO STATE'S FABULOUS HOPALONG CASSADY IN THIRD-QUARTER DRIVE TOWARD MICHIGAN GOAL

HOPALONG'S DAY AT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF SHERIDAN

LONG AFTER his Ohio State team had demolished proud Michigan 17-6 last Saturday afternoon, Coach Woody Hayes was bouncing on air. Even a hot shower failed to dampen his spirit. "That's the best football game any team has ever played for me," he bubbled to a room of backslapping friends. "Did you ever see anything like it? Ever?"

No one could say he had. In completely dominating Michigan, Hayes's team played an awesome game of power football that was downright attractive. Fudge Hefelfinger, Yale's great guard of the last century, would have felt right at home in the Ohio State line last Saturday.

State made the new-fangled split-T look like the dying wedge. Blocking with devastating enthusiasm, Hayes's team drove for 333 yards on the ground despite defenses that often played seven, eight and nine men on the line of scrimmage. State bothered to pass just three times, completed one for a total gain of four yards.

The victory gave Ohio State the Big

Ten championship for the second year in a row. But runner-up Michigan State will go to the Rose Bowl since Ohio State went last year and a conference rule prevents one team from going twice in a row. Over in East Lansing the Michigan State players managed to concentrate on the business at hand long enough to trounce Marquette 33-0, then exploded with delight when the Ohio State victory was announced over the loudspeaker system.

THERMOS BOTTLES AND SNOWBALLS

More than 97,000 people put on their stadium boots, parked Thermoses and headed for Ann Arbor to watch Michigan's living battle for the Rose Bowl. A couple of inches of wet snow was on the ground, and seeds and their darts on their way to the game shield snowballs at each other and at Ohio State students wearing scarlet and gray caps who bellowed: "We don't give a damn for the whole State of Michigan—we're from O-H-I-O!"

Throughout the long gray November afternoon the temperature hovered

ground freezing—cold enough to show your breath, but not cold enough to bother the players. In the stands an interloping Michigan State student shuffled from one foot to another in delight, finally said to his companion: "Gad, we'll have to have a party cold and everything."

Earlier this season Ohio State lost to both Stanford and Duke, and down in Columbus they started to wonder about Hayes. But against Michigan, Hayes and his team were above suspicion. While Woody yelped encouragement from the sidelines, Ohio State methodically barged away at the crumpling Michigan line for 20 first downs while allowing only five.

The biggest bang for the Bucks was Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy, an authentic All-America halfback, who gained 146 yards by himself, 37 more than the entire Michigan team gained all afternoon. Cassidy weighs only 174 pounds and is better suited to broken-field jousting, but against Michigan he gained most of his ground in four-, five- and six-yard chunks



COACH BESSIE OOSTERBAAN ACCEPTS CONGRATULATIONS IN LOCKER ROOM



MATTY OHIO HEAD ATTACKS METAL GOAL POST WITH BACKLASH

ANN ARBOR

by JAMES ATWATER

There was no bowl bid at stake for Ohio State but Coach Hayes sent Cassidy & Co. out after something even better—a victory over Michigan and a second straight Big Ten title

straight through the line. After the game Michigan Coach Bessie Oosterbaan grinned widely and said, "He's worth all the adjectives."

The other Ohio State backs hopped along like Cassidy, and, like him, played almost the entire game. Up front State's big, mobile line was magnificent. Short on reserves, Hayes played most of his line men most of the game, but they still overpowered Michigan's two lines that shuffled on and off the field. Key man in the State line was Guard Jim Parker, who weighs 384, stands six feet three and looks and plays like a pro. On power plays over his position, Parker charged like an affronted rhino.

On the sidelines Michigan Coach Oosterbaan shuffled through the straw-covered mud in front of his bench like a man looking for a needle in a haystack. As an All-America end at Michigan back in the '20s, Oosterbaan three times starred in victories over Ohio State, but last Saturday there wasn't much he could do.

Early in the second quarter Ohio

State started to roll. Led by the thrusts of Cassidy, State moved 79 yards to the Michigan seven. When the attack stalled, Hayes grabbed Reserve End Fred Kriss and sent him in. Kriss fazed his leg twice and kicked a field goal that glanced off the upright and went through to put his team ahead 3-0.

Late in the third quarter Ohio State got up steam again, rolled 52 yards and scored the game's first touchdown 51 seconds after the start of the fourth period. Cassidy was airborne as he crossed the goal line on a dive play from the two. The kick was wide.

NO MICHIGAN MAGIC THIS DAY

Behind 9-0, Michigan started to pass. Against Iowa, Quarterback Jim Maddock threw two touchdown passes in the last quarter to lead Michigan to victory, but he couldn't fool the alert Buckeyes. Ohio State intercepted one of his passes and turned another into a safety when he desperately threw from behind his goal line to Halfback Terry Barr who was tackled in the end zone.

The safety raised the score to 11-0

and finished Michigan completely. Kicking off from the 20 after the safety, Michigan End Ron Kratter tried an on-side kick, but the ball rolled only a yard and Ohio State took over again on Michigan's 21. Up until this point the two teams had played rugged but tight football.

But the last two minutes were marred by a series of penalties against both teams. Out of this confusion Ohio State got another touchdown, scored by Fullback Don Vico, that made the final score 17-0. And Michigan got past the 50 for the first time all afternoon.

The game ended in wide confusion. A hardy band of Ohio State students swept out of the stands and somehow managed to uproot one set of metal goal posts. Triumphant they carried the goal posts off the field intact since no one had the foresight to bring along an acetylene torch. Up in the stands the interlopers from Michigan State pounded each other on the back. "Smell 'em!" cried one, standing on tiptoe and sniffing the cold November wind. "Smell 'em! Smell those roses!"



HARVARD (WITH CIGAR) UNDERHAWKS WIND, WINCE AND SMILE AFTER HARVARD PRINCETON

TITLE IS FROZEN

Harvard of the responsibility of its second straight Big Three crews. Harvard had already beaten Princeton, and Princeton had beaten Yale, so the Elis were inspired by nothing more than the prospect of a three-way deadlock—and the infinite pleasure of beating Harvard for the 41st time in a rivalry that started 69 years ago.

This year's young Yale team—of the starters only Captain Phil Tarasovic and Bill Lovejoy, the tackles, were seniors—played as if a dozen bowl bids rested on the outcome. Using nothing but straight power, of which the consequences of Army have plenty, the blue jerseys dominated the crimson ones by

a score of 25-7 without causing their supporters the least bit of suspense.

As usually happens on this occasion, a hero emerged: he was Yale's sophomore fullback Curtis Coker, who carried the ball 105 yards in 21 carries through sleet and snow and frequently played like an entire defense team wrapped into one man. It was good, hard, simon-pure Ivy League football and left one wondering whether next year's Yale team might not be good enough to breathe the contaminated non-Ivy League air—a speculation that will never be resolved as the League members continue to tighten their boundaries. (C.H.B.)

REGINALD JOHNSON, '95, and Joshua Upton, '94, watch their Harvard hopes decline.



ARTHUR DEVENS, '02, like his son Charley, played Harvard football, baseball.





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HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Nov. 26

• **Army-Navy:** Army approaches full strength for the first time this season. However, the Middies have the better all-round offense and just as much determination... **NAVY.**

• **LSU vs. Tulane:** Both teams have come much further than expected this year, but the LSU Tigers have journeyed the furthest... **LSU.**

• **Southern Cal vs. Notre Dame:** Trojans started fast, slipped—but badly... Notre Dame started fast, erred—but momentarily. No lapses this time... **NOTRE DAME.**

• **Boston College vs. Holy Cross:** Few rivalries have been as exciting or as unpredictable. This time, though, form will tell... **BC.**

• **Mississippi State vs. Mississippi:** Ole Miss can clinch SEC championship in this one... **MISSISSIPPI.**

• **Oklahoma vs. Oklahoma A&M:** The Aggies showed surprising life clobbering Kansas State 28-0 Saturday. Party is over, recommitments have set in... **OKLAHOMA.**

• **Alabama vs. Auburn:** How times have changed. Used to be Auburn came to this game ripe for slaughter. Tempas jagd... **AUBURN.**

• **Miami vs. Florida:** The Hurricanes are the best three-times-beaten team in the history of football. They should draw the struggling Gators... **MIAMI.**

• **TCU vs. SMU:** Mustangs headed the preseason picks in the conference. So much for prognosticators... **TEXAS CHRISTIAN.**

• **Georgia Tech vs. Georgia:** The Bulldog is having one of his worst years and nothing in Tech's makeup should make him any happier... **TECH.**

ALSO:

West Virginia over N.C. State (Friday)

Bayler over Rice

Tennessee over Vanderbilt

Colorado over Colorado A&M

Clatsop over Farman

New Mexico over Brigham Young

Texas Tech over Hardin-Simmons

South Carolina over Virginia

Thanksgiving Day Games:

Texas A&M over **TEXAS**

Colgate over **Brown**

Miami (Ohio) over **Cincinnati**

Wyoming over **Denver**

Cornell over **Penn**

Utah over **Utah State**

VPI over **VMI**

Last week's record:
17 right, 7 wrong, 1 tie
Record to date: 110-61-9

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YEARS AHEAD IN ELECTRIC TIME

Sports Gifts Make Christmas Shopping Easy

...and you'll find the perfect present for everyone on your list in the Christmas Parade of Sports Gifts at your local sporting goods dealer's.

Last week's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** carried 11 full pages of the latest and some of the best in sporting goods and equipment—gifts that will bring

year-long enjoyment to the friends you give them to.

Your nearby sporting goods dealer has them all on sale—and lots more—in his Christmas Parade of Sports Gifts. Be sure you pay him a visit soon!

To Sporting Goods Dealers:

Be sure you get in the running for the valuable prizes offered for tie-ins with our NSGA Christmas Parade of Sports Gifts. (Top prizes go to winners

in two classifications: stores with \$250,000 annual sales or more; stores with less than \$250,000 annual sales.)

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An all-expense vacation trip to Bermuda for two. Leave New York, Washington or Boston (whichever is most convenient for you) and arrive in Bermuda via **COLONIAL AIRLINES** Skyliner...

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INSPIRATION is Jantzen's design staff at Portland Inc.—Vice President Mayer Monroe, Louella Bakerino, George McCormick, Phyllis Carlson, Elizabeth Tietzeus and Maurice Levin viewing Models Karen Langness and Karlyn Erolson with critical eyes.

SPORTING LOOK

WELL SUITED BY THE WEST

The pioneering West Coast swim-wear industry combines Hollywood glamour, high style and scientific thoroughness to make the world's best bathing suits

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT LANSLEY

IN California, where swimming pool society has almost a nonstop season in the sun to splash through, the bathing suit industry has now evolved a year-round, nonstop, four-season cycle which supplies most of the world. The California industry keeps a lion's share—\$60 million worth—of the booming bathing suit business with such Hollywood tricks as lavish style shows, celebrity appearances—Earlre Williams for Cole, Florence Chadwick for Catalina (sponsors of the Miss Universe contest)—and design which is responsive to the dictates of New York and Paris haute couture. The West Coast's eminence in the field is based on a 40-year history which began in 1913 when Jantzen of Portland, Oregon designed a suit "to change bathing to swimming." Jantzen now has plants in 11 different countries. California swimsuit makers have an impressive list of innovations. Dancer Mable Barnes first used latex, a corset

fabric, for a bathing suit that clung and moved with the figure. Fred Cole developed Matkotee, cotton stitched with elastic thread, leading to strapless tops and matching skirts and beach coats. Rose Marie Reid developed the inside bra and flexible spinal stays in strapless suits. Catalina pioneered knitted suits and "heartbeats sets." Gartner was an early manufacturer of wool knit suits. Caltex, a young firm in the old tradition, is pioneering new elastinized fabrics. Scientific thoroughness, in addition to styling, has kept the West Coast at the top of the bathing suit market. Its bathing suits are probably the most tested garments (opposite) in the apparel industry; fabrics are laboratory tested for color fastness in sun and chlorine, for abrasive resistance, for swimability. This winter, following current fashion, long slim torsos with high necklines and unaccented waistlines are teamed with Oriental prints and colors.

POOL-TESTING of suits for color fastness and water fitness is supervised by Designer Rose Marie Reid at her Los Angeles plant.





HIGH-NECKLINE suit worn by Jo Anne Aebly is from Cole of California's Egyptian collection which will be available in stores in December. The top can be neatly tucked in for sunning. \$11.95.

U-NECKLINE suit shows a new trend away from the long-sleeved low-cut strapless tops. Pat Quinn wears Cole's "Fire Cracker" suit of delicate parrot-striped elastomesh. \$22.95.

TWO-PIECE suit with divided skirt, favored for 1936 for junior sizes, is about as close as American markets get to bikini. Katie Richmond wears Catalina's suit with gold Oriental print. \$12.95.



FRENCH INSPIRED suit from Jantzen's International collection is copy of a Riviera bestseller. Its bagging fit is achieved with an elasticized knit fabric called Helana. (\$22.50). On Suzy Rust.

LONG/TWIGGY suit of brilliant tea-flower print cotton from Gurner. (\$14.95) is worn by Starlet Rosemarie Rowe. The seaguarded swimming pool is at Holmby Hills home of Mrs. Burton Schatz.

SHRATH suits at Rose Marie Reid feature smooth exterior with mysteries of construction hidden inside; geometric patterns of tulle. (\$29.95). Model Gert Lindsay is former Miss Washington.



“Father wore this Viyella shirt at Mafeking in 1899”

THE other day one of our Scottish customers showed us a Viyella shirt which his venerable daddy had worn during the Boer War. The son, no chicken himself, is still wearing it, fifty-six years later. The collar and cuffs now need turning.

Viyella (rhymes with hi-fella) is the most imitated of all fabrics. And no wonder—it is so structurally soft and light.

It is spun near Sherwood Forest in England, from a cunning mixture of coarse Irish wool and strong Egyptian cotton. It is completely washable—you can safely send Viyella to your laundry!

The shirt in our photograph is not the Mafeking veteran, but a new one, made by the great Hathaway. The tartan is Campbell Dress, shown here against an appropriate back-drop—Inveraray Castle,

ancestral home of the Dukes of Argyll, heads of the Campbell clan.

Viyella shirts by Hathaway come in a thundering range of plain colors and authentic Scottish tartans, among which Campbell Dress, Royal Stewart and Macpherson are outstanding. For the name of your nearest store, write C. E. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. In New York, call MUrray Hill 9-4157.

ROUGH BUT LEGAL

continued from page 23

In an exhibition game with the 49ers two years ago, Paul was undecided whether a hot-shot halfback for San Francisco was a front-runner or the real thing.

"I didn't find out until after the game," says Den. "He walked up to me, shook hands and said he wanted to thank me for the fair treatment. Here, for sure, was a front-runner. In the league game, I lobbed him good and took charge."

A parastaking student of human nature, Paul has learned to size up opponents quickly and decide what stimuli are most apt to loose up their efforts. "I keep a book on every runner in the National League," he says. "Most of the time you get your line on a back by trial and error, but sometimes you pick up valuable information through the grapevine. Once a guy discovers a weakness in an opponent, he likes to boast about it. Soon the tip spreads."

It is Paul's contention that most of the things that villains do on the field are quite within the rules.

"It's a matter of principle with us," he says, "that we must never break the rules unless, of course, the officials are looking the other way." In all the years he has played in the National League, Paul has been thrown out of only three games, all in 1951, a record to which he boasts with pride.

"Sharper officiating has made it necessary for villains to improve the quality of their work," Paul explains. "A polished operator should never be thumbed from a game and only rarely should draw a penalty for roughness. By studying the way plays form, he can usually anticipate the positions of officials and knows when he can pull a little something without getting caught. A good villain must always stay on the best terms with officials and must be courteous at all times. He can't afford to be a naked man. When he tackles an opponent in the presence of an official, he must always help the man to his feet and pat him lightly on the rear. To the official, this will make the villain look like a sportsman."

Paul is nicknamed "The Turk" after a mythical character in pro football training camps who cuts the squad. When a player turns up missing from practice one day, the others whisper ominously that The Turk got him, meaning that he was trimmed from the team. Paul, in the experience of the National League, fits the legend very well.

While Paul is acclaimed the League's ablest all-purpose villain, most of his colleagues in villainy tend to be more specialized. With deep-left admiration, Den points, for instance, to Ed Sprinkle, the defensive end for the Chicago Bears, who is known irreverently among his victims as "The Claw."

"Sprinkle centers his attention almost entirely on quarterbacks," says Paul. "A left-hander, he rushes from the right side, hooks out with his left arm—often over the shoulder of a blocker—cupps his hand under the quarterback's chin and spends him something fearful. Sprinkle is so effective that Y. A. Tittle, the 49er quarterback, says that it soon reaches the point where a passer is looking for his receiver with only one eye. With the other he's looking for Sprinkle."

LOW BRIDGE

Len Ford, the defensive end of the Browns, works over the passers' blockers, a maneuver Paul considers eminently worthy. A muscular monster of 240 pounds who stands 6 feet 4 inches in his socks, Ford blasts into the backs on direct smashes. "They start flinching," Paul explains, "or closing their eyes, or stepping aside to give Ford a clear shot at the passer." Among the backs Ford is known as "The Hangman." He gets the nickname from an occasional habit of charging with his long left arm extended rigidly from his side. People going past him have been known to hang themselves on

this limb, in the manner of one catching his chin on the clothesline.

Art Donovan, the 279-pound tackle for Baltimore who is called "The Miser," has a different specialty which Paul claims makes him the toughest man in football.

"He does his best work against fakes," says Den, "that is, backs who pretend they have the ball when they don't. Donovan figures that if he can make life miserable enough for faking backs when they plunge into the line, they will lose interest in their work. Soon they fake only halfheartedly, and eventually they make sure Donovan knows they don't have the ball. Here again is an example of a man who roughs up players by calculation and with a definite purpose, but never intentionally injures."

A villain considerably smaller than Donovan, though equally respected by Paul, is the 190-pound defensive back for the 49ers, Hardy Brown. Called "The Humper" because of an extraordinary skill with his shoulders, Brown is the top intimidator of centers in the game.

"Hardy feels that if the center is made nervous enough on punting and field goal situations," says Paul, "he will be less apt to pass the ball back accurately and carry out his blocking assignments as he should."

Brown spends much of his time, too, frightening ball-carrying backs with his shoulder. Through long and patient

continued on next page



"I'm freezing! Where the devil are those seaweed men?"



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PORTLAND, OREGON

ROUGH BUT LEGAL

continued from page 29

experiment, he has developed this into a handy weapon. Instead of tackling, he feels the ball carrier with his shoulder with a horrifying crack that can be heard all over the field. He has made more runners gun shy than anyone in the league. They never back through the line or turn the corner without first looking for Brown.

For Chuck Bednarik of Philadelphia, pass receivers are the primary target. Bednarik, a 230-pound linebacker, is nicknamed "The Clutcher" largely because of his genius for keeping receivers within his grasp at the line of scrimmage.

"He works like a master," says Paul. "Most of the time he rides the end to the sidelines with his shoulder. But then sometimes, in the tangle of arms, his hand slips—accidentally, of course—and he grabs the player by the jersey. The end may boomer 'holding,' but in football, thank God, there are no penalties on jerseys. The officials have to see it. Bednarik is a smooth boy. He's the best pass checker I've ever seen."

Also rated tops by Paul in the business of detaining pass receivers is George Connor of the Chicago Bears, a 240-pound linebacker who has been dubbed "The Post."

"Elroy [Crazy Legs] Hirsch, the Ram red, once remarked that, purely by coincidence, more people tripped over Connor's foot than anyone he knew," says Paul. "Connor and Fred

Davis, the former tackle, used to two-team him too. Connor would bear himself tightly against Davis and spring out, forcing Hirsch to go wide. Every here and there, an elbow alongside the head would force him wider. Then they'd line up wide and Hirsch would try to go between. Wham, they shut the gate. Davis usually helped Hirsch up and with mock sympathy told Connor, "Aw, George, don't go mowing up Hollywood like that."

Despite the deftness with which villains operate, Paul admits that offensive platoons have not taken their mischief sitting down. They have devised countermeasures aimed at besting the rogues at their own game. Paul's teammate, Norm Van Brocklin, the quarterback and a high priority target of villains, recalls that during his first five years in pro football, he fought the villains body and soul. "I talked back, threw punches, elbows . . . everything. But it was just like shoveling sand against the tide."

Van Brocklin has since adopted a set of principles. "First," Van Brocklin says, "you must never acknowledge anything they say or do. Even if they whack you and knock out your wind, you always jump up just as though nothing had happened and walk casually back to the huddle. This discourages them."

"Second, you go out of your way to 'burn' them. If an end is charging hard, you call for a Statue of Liberty and make him look like a sap. If he's a lineman, you trap him. If he's a linebacker, you match a swift little halfback against him on a pass. The idea



"Look at it this way, Mr. Conasoff, you're only middle aged soon!"

is to make the villain look bad in the game movies so that his coach will eat him up the next day. If you turn these guys often enough, they soon concern themselves with protecting their own business, not yours.

"The third way," Van Brocklin continues, "is what we call 'Burnsteading.' When a charging villain ticks you just lightly after you punt or pass, you automatically make like Dagwood Burnstead falling downstairs. You ham it up good. This often will get the defense a 15-yard penalty. In a game against the Bears one day, I took an artistic nose dive when Sprinkle brushed me on a punt. As the referee dropped his marker to signify a 15-yarder, I winked slyly at Connor, who was looking down at me in disgust. Connor said, 'Get up, you bum, you're not hurt.' And the Bears got 15 more for unsportsmanlike conduct."

CERTAIN INHERENT DANGERS

Villains rarely start fights on the field or engage in those that other people start.

"There are two reasons for this," Paul explains. "First, fighting is dangerous; a guy can get hurt that way. And second, it can get you thumbed from the game. A villain usually feels he has scored a clean victory if he can irritate an opponent to where he will do something to get his team penalized, or will smolder to the point of lessening his own effort."

Yet, there are times when even the best work of a villain can backfire. Paul, for instance, is still distressed over his setback in a big game against the Lions last year. Late in the fourth quarter, the Rams led 24-20, and Detroit had third down and 14 to go on its own 25. Bobby Layne got off a pass and Paul bumped him a moment after he had cut loose the ball.

The pass was wide of the mark and Los Angeles fans let out a happy roar, assuming the Lions would be forced to punt. But an official cited Paul for roughing the passer. The 15-yard penalty gave the Lions a first down and new hope, and they drove for the touchdown that won the game, 27-24. The loss eliminated the Rams from title contention.

"Our pictures showed Layne looking intently at his receiver downfield," says Paul, "but when he saw the pass was going to him, he suddenly remembered I had brushed him and he began Burnsteading all over the joint. The ironic thing is, what I did to Layne was the silliest thing I had done all afternoon." (E.N.B.)

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TWO MEREANERL GRACE UNIST MIGRATORY BIRD STAMP

MIDSEASON SURVEY ON WATERFOWL

With northern seasons ending, others underway and some just beginning, SI's hunting correspondents file an "in flight" report on southbound ducks and geese

Last week winter came in earnest to most northern states, clomping on its lid on ponds and swamps, prodding laggard flocks of ducks and geese on their southward way and cheering the hearts of gamblers sheltering in ten thousand pits and blinds along the four major flyways. For the epicureans there were plump mallards and rice-fed "crans." At the bottom of the gourmet's list there were snags and waders and old squaws. There were pintails and baldpates, teal and buffbreasts, blacks and ringnecks. And for a few fortunate waterfowlers there were great: majestic hawks, garraless carblers, moos and blues and brants. Here's how it looked, along the flyways, to SI's crew of duck watchers:

PACIFIC FLYWAY

British Columbia: Alternate floods and heavy freeze-ups have made B.C.'s duck season chaotic to date, but birds are generally plentiful. Most hunting concentrated on flats at Fraser River mouth, flooded fields and swamps in lower valley. Snow geese numerous. Excellent mallard and goose shooting in Cariboo Highlands. Main Pacific flyway resting place, Tofino Inlet on West Coast, V.I., now crammed with lesser Canada geese in thousands, canvasbacks, mallards, pintails, teal, widgeons (baldpates) and most other species.

Heavy rains and floods following thaw should certainly produce season's peak shooting in next two or three weeks.

California: First half of split season ended November 18 with best hunting since opening due to large flight of

pintails, snags, widgeons and mallards in wake of heavy storms. Season is terrific even on public waters such as Big Bear Lake and Salton Sea. Early season hotspots are Tule Lake and Butte Sink, with pintails predominating but also good flights of mallards.

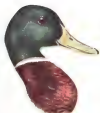
Second half of split season starts December 16, ends January 15. In Colorado River region season started October 28, ends January 15.

Idaho: Present hunting conditions excellent, will peak December 1 to 15. Goose hunting fair to good. Northern geese started to arrive November 15, and shooting should pick up from now on. Canadian honkers show greatest numbers, followed by bent and snow geese. Best hunting in Idaho for geese and ducks is from Weiser on Oregon line to approximately Twin Falls in Snake River Valley. Best shooting has been from opening time to about 9:30. Last year approximately 37,000 waterfowlers; this year about 40,000. Seventy-five percent of the birds going through are mallards; pintails, 16%; baldpates, 5%.

Oregon: Every creek, slough, pond and river is playing host to hunters who are out to enjoy one of the greatest flights of ducks and geese the Willamette Valley has had in years. Peak should be about Thanksgiving Day. Along Willamette River and in corn areas it is almost 100% mallards.

Large flights of western Canada honkers have arrived in
continued on page 45

THE HEAD MARKINGS OF SURFACE FEEDERS



MALLARD



GREEN-WINGED TEAL



PINTAIL



BLACK DUCK



SHOVELER



BALDPATE



GADWALL



WOOD DUCK

THE HEAD MARKINGS OF DIVING DUCKS



CANVASBACK



LESSER SCAUP



REDFEED



AMERICAN SCAUP



GOLDENEYE



HOODED MERGANSER



RING-NECKED



RUDDY DUCK

WATERFOWL SURVEY

continued from page 41

the Corvallis and Monroe area and also in Rickwood area in central Willamette Valley. Old-timers are anxiously awaiting opening of jack-snipe season November 27. Eastern and central Oregon is poor on waterfowl.

Washington: Western Washington waterfowl gunners are having a banner year. More ducks have come in and they are staying. During cold spell some gunners set decoys right on the ice and made limit bags; others used laundry bluing spread on ice to stimulate open water.

At Lake Tverell hunters crept out on ice under led sheets. Pass shooting in Lummi and Bellingham bays successful for mallards. Snow geese abundant at Fir Island, Conway and Starwood.

Nisqually and Skagit flats plus Chahalls Valley and coastal salt water areas have flights of pintails, mallards and baldpates. Some teal at both spots plus a few homely shorelens. Vanguard of another big flight arriving now, right on schedule. Goose gunners enjoying excellent sport at Skagit Flats. Gunning expected to reach peak Thanksgiving Day. Shooting in northeast Washington currently bad.

CENTRAL FLYWAY

Colorado: There are more geese and ducks in Colorado at present than in many years. A department count shows approximately 14,000 geese on Two Butte reservoir, 4,000-7,000 on Queen's reservoir and large flocks on John Martin reservoir and Blue and Meredith lakes. Shooting is good both in pits and fields in the southeast.

Jumbo reservoir reports 50,000-60,000 ducks. Bonny Dam reservoir, 800 geese. On Colorado's western slope, ducks are plentiful, especially along the Gunnison between Delta and Grand Junction.

Montana: Hunting excellent in central and western part of state. Though main flights have passed, hunting will continue good till season ends December 21. Limits of five greenhead mallards now common. Canada goose shooting good in Great Falls area, fair elsewhere. Ducks definitely more plentiful than last year, geese and hunters about same.

New Mexico: Greatest concentration of migratory birds in the state is at Elephant Butte reservoir and in the Pecos Valley. Roswell area, good. Mallards are in majority, with a few pintails,

shorelens and several other species.

Success to date is approximately 2 birds per man. The season will not reach its peak until December 20, if the weather runs true to form.

MISSISSIPPI FLYWAY

Arkansas: Seldom, if ever before, has the number of birds or the quality of the shooting at Stuttgart been equaled. It's all private shooting (and expensive, too), but hunters are even figuring out ways to prolong the time it takes to get their limits. Some swing only on the fat ones, others stick to small-gauge guns or single shots and many bury themselves in thick pin oak woods so they'll have only lightning quick chances at ducks through the tree tops.

Louisiana: It is estimated that there are 15% more ducks in Louisiana than when the season opened first week in November. At that time the estimate was 1,010,000 ducks. There are 10% more geese now than the 350,000 counted at opening.

Migration is proceeding on schedule. There'll be a second big wave between December 7 and 9.

Michigan: On December 9, Michigan's 140,000 duck hunters will close books on their best season in two decades. Along the state's major flyway, St. Mary's River down to marshes of Lake Erie, gunners have enjoyed capacity hunting. A midweek storm gave goose hunters at the Fenwick marshes in Allegan County two days of fine shooting. Some of the state's best duck hunting is at the Point Mouillee Marsh.

Minnesota: Last of duck flights (mostly mallards and greater scaup with some goldeneyes) leaving state as all lakes freeze up. Temperatures near zero in Minneapolis latitude November 15, and

two snowstorms since have covered ice. Only open water would be on Mississippi from Hastings to Winona.

Missouri: Largest duck flights this season in 14 or 12 years, particularly in the eastern and central parts of the state. At this time hunting is almost entirely mallards.

Best estimates figure about 50,000 hunters out, 3,000 to 10,000 more than last year.

The big migration began about mid-October and the mallards boomed in November 8 through November 10. New flights of mallards are still moving down. Duck shooting is at its peak now in north Missouri and central Missouri. Anticipated peak in south Missouri from December 1 to mid-month if weather continues normal.

Tennessee: Reelfoot Lake in west Tennessee is the hottest duck hunting spot in the state right now, although good kills are reported at Kentucky, Dale Hollow and Center Hill lakes too.

Flights are good size for this time of the year, and peak shooting still to come on all lakes.

On opening day, November 7, 90% of hunters checked on Reelfoot had limit kills; on Kentucky Lake, the second-day hunter averaged two birds. Other hot spots are in the Obion, Forked Deer and Lomahatchie River bottoms. On east Tennessee waters, results spottier.

A few Canada and blue geese were being taken throughout the state, but though early results near Hiwassee Island in Chickamauga Lake were not up to par, prospects are improving.

Wisconsin: Early Canadian freeze shoved ducks and geese southward sooner than usual. Goose population

continued on next page



WATERFOWL SURVEY

continued from page 44

was 27,862 (by aerial survey) on Horicon and 1,360 on Thornton Farms. The duck kill on Horicon was down a little this year, 3,873 against 3,844. Duck population (now mostly mallards with some pintails and widgeons) is also down. Earlier there were a lot of blue-winged teal. Present hunting conditions: temperatures in the 20s and low 30s, light snow cover, ice on the marsh.

ATLANTIC FLYWAY

Florida: Duck hunting is best in years, and even Canadian geese have shown in some numbers on Lake Fannosoff, 70 miles north of Tampa.

Duck season opened November 7; four day limit until end, January 15.

Best duck areas are Lake Fannosoff, the Channahawaka River, backwaters of the Withlacoochee River, 20 miles north of the Channahawaka, Lake Kissimmee, south of Kissimmee, and Lake Okechobee. Peak expected between now and Christmas.

Maine: Flights include blacks, native and migratory mallards, blue and green-winged teal, goldeneyes, pintails, redheads and a few canvasbacks. Merry-meeting Bay has offered excellent sport since the season opened. Black duck shooting now rated as excellent. Prevailing conditions very promising. Oddly, fewer duck hunters are out than in other years, but big game season still on.

Massachusetts: Blacks in greatest numbers in years, as are all other species, down around Plum Island off Newburyport; best north shore area. Good flights of Canada geese dropping in most every evening. North-shore hunting now approaching peak as big flights of fat mallards, northern blacks beginning to come in. Reported 22,000 of them and assorted others on Merry-meeting Bay in Maine.

New Jersey: Fair to good gunning for scaups and brants continues on Great Bay, Barnegat Bay and the marshes at Brigantine. The state fish and game department operates a free ferry at 8 a.m. daily from Mott's Creek to that portion of the Brigantine federal wildlife refuge which has been opened to hunting. The best of the hunting there is for scaups, but some black ducks are also taken.

New York (Chautauque Lake): Excellent duck season fast moving toward peak. Large numbers of native mallards, blacks and wood ducks and a

few green-winged teal provided good early shooting. Jump hunting on area streams and ponds has been very good. Excellent shooting expected until season's close, December 23, as the migration reaches its peak.

Watch out for illegal prey: a flock of whistling swans estimated at over 1,000 were reported on Chautauque last week.

Long Island: Winter flight of Canadian black ducks not yet arrived at south shore of Long Island except for small vanguard, but local blacks are providing fair sport, and pintails more than usually abundant. Great South Bay has largest concentration of scaups in last five years but they're still tallied solidly unless last Saturday's snow flurries and freezing temperatures broke them up.

North Carolina: Corolla on Currituck outer banks about 35 miles north of Nags Head area reports plenty of geese, all varieties of ducks and unusual number of swans.

Nags Head sector reported normal duck crop of baldpates, pintails and teal. Hunters are getting limits each day when weather conditions right. Canada geese flocks in this area not quite up to normal. Official count showed a total 37,412 all species waterfowl.

Mattamuskeet Lake, in Hyde County, reported between 80,000 and 85,000 Canada geese this year, largest number since 1952. Hunters in lake and field blinds having no difficulty getting limit daily.

Gunnies in Pamlico Sound west of Hatteras are having good luck with Canada geese and brants, shooting from stake blinds.

Pennsylvania: Duck hunting slightly better than previous years. Right now there are blacks and mallards still left. The opening date was moved ahead five days this season.

There have been more geese in the area than in recent history. Charley Luras, Columbia, got three Canadas in one day and also brought down a rare—for this area—blue goose. Season closes December 17 in most of state.

South Carolina: Mild weather kept ducks at about same number as last year or lower, despite optimistic reports from north. As always, mallards most numerous but wood ducks, increasing yearly, probably now run second. Others include scaups, blacks, teal, gadwalls, widgeons, with fair numbers of canvasbacks in some coastal sections. Geese increasing slightly.

Virginia: There are considerably more ducks in Virginia this year than last, despite the fact that few diving ducks have come in. There are at least 30% more Canada geese than last season.

Senator A. Willis Robertson spent two days at the Poshontras Club at Back Bay and got his limit both days (see page 26).

Bags are mostly mallards and black ducks with a good many green-winged teal. Shooting will be at its peak in mid-December, but before if there is freezing weather. (END)



"Along with this hat, we recommend a good stout walking stick with which you can fall out of the hunting crowd."

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water; **SH**—slightly high; **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **PF**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OVG**—outlook very good

STRIPED BASS: NORTH CAROLINA: UP: In Fayette-Corcoran stripers through Dec. 15 as fish move up lower basin to downstream canal, where boats are used on live bait and not shed.

VIRGINIA: Striped are showing in vast numbers in upper Chesapeake Bay, with most of them expected to migrate to lower bay by Dec. 15 through November.

MINNESOTA: Clear Bay Pike is better than anything, but method is still fishing with live baitfish or rat pighead bait, as fish rise to 45 pounds; run gear is essential because of severe storms common at this season. OVG for bait fishermen through November.

NEW JERSEY: Seasonal storms have not numbers of striped anglers along the coast, but runs are still there in force, including some lunkers trailing along the beaches. Largest striped caught in Long Beach Bay drove away as far as 44½-pounder by Albert Spier of Philadelphia.

TARPOON: FLORIDA: Milton Klein of Chicago caught 122-pound tarpon on 10-pound live spinning earth spider under bait at Loxley Bay in Escambia last week after 3-hour battle; UP/FG in rivers and headless bays on lower Gulf coast.

STEELHEAD TROUT: CALIFORNIA: F still G in Klamath-Johnson in Clear Lake; Hilly Camp region is best. Sacramento River opening off bay FF to at Lake Mendocino, Shasta Ferry and Battle Creek areas, Trinity River L. PF. New streams will help.

NEW JERSEY: Some steelhead activity reported from Quamash, Alvinette, Seymour and other streams but cold weather and dry banks later meant most fishing at home. Streams in low stage now but those and rains may bring high, dirty water; otherwise OGI.

MINNESOTA: Cowles River (upper part) opened; H and D, but good run is in and OG when fishable.

MINNESOTA: All steelhead fishing on entire Oregon coast is choked out as rising storms and heavy rains raise rivers to near-flood stage; prior to high water, leading streams were Nehalem, Alsea and Klamath in the north and the Rogue in the south. If rains subside, fishing should be good to excellent by Thanksgiving weekend; present high water should bring in first major run of big fish in all streams but peak will not be reached before early January.

BLACK BASS: INDIANNA: Although many anglers have set aside tackle in favor of duck gun, steel lakes are still being worked over with good results; at Center Hill, A. J. Hayes returned to dock with 18 bass tagged by 4½-pound largemouth, all on fly; at Dale Mather, Ed Jones of Dayton, Ohio, took a 7-pounder on a plug and E. C. Zola of Chicago removed a 3-pound smallmouth; Al Watts near Lake, FG and OG.

MINNESOTA: FF in most central Florida lakes, but several boats to 50-pounders reported from Little Lake Harris near Honey, and FG in Kissimmee River east of Lake Wales.

MINNESOTA: Mescalero and lower Geronimo rivers both N, but cold weather has kept most fishermen off water; OGI as temperature rises.

CHANNEL BASS: NORTH CAROLINA: Big schools of big bass hit sand at Hatteras Island last week with heavier concentrations at Hatteras and point of beach on north side of inlet near Hatteras village; more than 200 fish from 30 to 50 pounds landed last Tuesday afternoon at Cape Hatteras point; OGI for big bass in river along Dare County coast well into November.



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South Bend

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No escalator-riding, crowd-bucking, package-wrapping. You can sit back and enjoy Christmas shopping by mail in the gift-laden pages of

The Weekend Shopper

in next week's

Sports Illustrated

HOCKEY

by WHITNEY TOWER

A ROOKIE COACH WITH A FIERY
DRIVE AND PERSUASIVE POWERS
BUILDS NEW YORK'S RANGERS
INTO AN EARLY SEASON SURPRISE

NO MATTER what develops in the National Hockey League as the reigning power teams from Montreal and Detroit gain momentum, the 1985 season has already provided some startling surprises. The very fact that overall attendance is up signals the advent of some expert and exciting hockey in all six NHL cities. But the top surprise of all for the past six weeks has been the amazing showing of the New York Rangers, a team almost unanimously expected to finish last, and yet a team which, after its first 17 games, confounded nearly everyone by standing in second place with eight wins and three ties.

The man who has been largely responsible for a new exuberance among long-suffering New York hockey followers is the Rangers' 41-year-old rookie coach—French-Canadian Phil Watson. A fiery little individual, he is the same Phil Watson who used to center a line by Bryan Hextall and Lynn Patrick in the prewar days when the Rangers enjoyed some of their most glorious achievements, such as reaching the Stanley Cup playoffs almost as a matter of course.

As one of the league's two rookie coaches (Montreal's Toe Blake is the

other), Watson can hardly afford to be too optimistic or prophetic about where his young Ranger club will finish. "I'll tell you," he said recently, "about these first six weeks. It hasn't been my coaching or my brains that



PHIL WATSON, former star, has a new formula: iron discipline.

has won for us. We've just been awfully lucky in avoiding serious injuries. I think, sure, we're a good hockey club, but not the best. Montreal is the best and Detroit should finish second. Then there'll be one hell of a fight for the last two playoff spots. I've never finished last in my life, and I don't intend to this season."

Since he signed on, as the seventh coach in the 30 years the Rangers have been members of the NHL, Phil Watson has acquired the reputation of being something of an irascible ruthless tyrant who yells at his boys with all the terrifying authority of a drill sergeant at Marine boot camp. "Actually," says Watson, "the press is unfair in calling me a slave driver. I'm a driver, yes, but I'm a driver only because I want to win so badly. I've got my ideas on how to run a hockey club, and one of them is that the players have got to be thinking hockey 24 hours a day. The only way I can enforce this idea is to be a strict disciplinarian: longer and harder practice sessions, a midnight curfew, no beer drinking and automatic \$100 fines for the first offense in breaking any of the rules." It is a tribute to Watson's persuasive powers that he has as yet found no occasion to fine anyone.

Furthermore, on their shawing thus far it is apparent that the Rangers have acquired much of the fire and drive which Phil demonstrated during his dozen seasons as a Broadway Blue-shirt. Aside from the ever-present threat that Watson may dispatch them to the farm club in Providence for shawing even the faintest disinterest in their trade, Ranger players find themselves working the new season under a new ultimatum: each man is allotted a certain number of goals which Watson not only expects, but orders him to score. In the first six weeks of the season the New Yorkers happily showed the management that they didn't mind this ultimatum. They led the entire league in scoring. As players like Ron Murphy, Wally Hergesheimer, Dave Crighton and Andy Bathgate began to find the scoring range both at home and on the road, Watson discovered that his defense, which had been tagged as the league's worst, was gaining just the sort of confidence required in front of spunky little goalie Lorne Worsley. It has all added up to a Ranger team skating with a purpose and cleverly executing plays which Watson himself demonstrates with a personal touch during the morning workouts. "I yell at them, sure, but I yell encouragement," says Watson. "I impress on them that they owe it to the public to win. Hockey has no place for sentiment. I don't give a damn if the public hates me as long as my players respect me. If they respect me they'll produce. When they produce, New York will win its share of games. That's all I care about." (JWB)



"You mean you don't remember where you left the car?"

THE INNOCENT ONLOOKER

Sir:

In St. Nov. 21 you have unwittingly, I am sure (blessed the President of the U.S. through misunderstanding of the true meaning of a word with an interesting background).

The caption describing a picture of the Redding up as the White House green explains that he later retired to a nearby chair and "kibitzed" while his son John tried a few putts of his own. Surely you can't mean kibitzed! The essence of the art of kibitzing, and that which distinguishes it from ordinary advice-giving, is that it is unrequested, annoying and misleading. The truly blessed kibitzer is, in a word, a pest.

Admittedly, it was not over them. The word comes to us from Yiddish, that remarkably colorful tongue which has infiltrated vocabularies around the globe. But it was first used, as explained in H. L. Mencken's *The American Language* (Supp. 1), by the officers of the old Austrian army. During the Italian campaign of 1848-49, an Austrian staff officer had a little dog called Kibitz. Soon, through the traditional disdain of front-line soldiers for those who remain in rear areas, staff officers were referred to as Kibitzers. The next step was to use the word to describe anyone who merely looked on while others did a particular job or played a game.

By the time "Kibitz" was brought to this country, it had lost its connotation of innocent onlooker and taken on that of "meddle." To use another Yiddishism, the Kibitzer is something of a schlemiel. All in all, hardly a term to describe our No. 1 golfer giving friendly, helpful advice to his son.

D. BRUCE

Merick, L.I.

● St. intended no slight on the President's ability to instruct his son John. Ike has been a front-line participant both as soldier and golfer. Actually, though some kibitzers are indeed pests and have given the gentle art a bad name, the meaning of the word is not as hard and fast as Miss Billig implies. A kibitzer's advice may be "unrequested, annoying and misleading," but the term may also be used when the advice is friendly and helpful. It's all in the eye of the kibitzer. As for St., it welcomes both varieties of kibitzers to the 19TH HOLE.—ED.

ARE THEY TAUGHT TO FRANK?

Sir:

I most heartily agree with the sentiments expressed by Adam Walsh, the Bowdoin football coach (E & D, Nov. 21). They follow in the steps of St's Aug. 15 *Report That Shocked the President* by emphasizing the underlying reason why our American youngsters are allowed to become progressively weaker. The reason is a mistaken educational philosophy, a philosophy which does not approve of muscle building.

This is an old story. I recall the letter from Dr. Frederick Rand Rogers (19th Hole, Aug. 29) describing how his chosen as the means of attaining physical fitness for the youth of America had been rigidly ruled in official educational circles 28 years ago. Now that the facts are beginning to be known, thanks to St, Dr. Rogers' thesis is being reconsidered in a kinder light. Nevertheless, teachers coming out of most physical education schools today are imbued with the philosophy that if an activity does not have carry-over value it has no place in the school athletic program.

I believe that all youngsters like a little rugged activity, but if they have been weaned away from it from kindergarten through the sixth grade they lose their zest for strenuous activity and may actually come to fear physical contact.

KAY CHISHOLM
Secretary-Treasurer
Natl. Intercollegiate
Hunting Coaches Assn.

Minneapolis

ADAM PUT HIS FINGER ON IT

Sir:

Many times I've intended writing you praising your staff and your magazine for its excellence. Probably through laziness I

haven't. But, reading Adam Walsh's sentiments, I feel I must thank you for every issue I've read—and particularly Walsh's correct view on one of the things that's wrong with the rising generation. He put the finger on it in blaming the physical education programs of the teacher-training institutions. In my opinion it has never been presented as succinctly.

Incidentally, Knute Rockne not only called Adam Walsh his greatest center; he considered Adam Walsh the most qualified Notre Dame grad to teach football. Adam went to Yale when Tad Jones asked Rock to "recommend the man who would do most for Yale." Adam was a successful line coach at Yale but, when it came time for him to become head coach, he didn't get it. Yale's loss was Bowdoin's gain.

ART LEX MONRO

Newark

HAPPY KNOLL'S FAMILIAR PROBLEMS

Sir:

How we chuckle over the events at Happy Knoll! As my husband is a member of the board of directors of the Elmira Country Club, many of Happy Knoll's problems are all too familiar to him. Many times he has expressed a desire to apply for membership so I am asking you to accept the enclosed



win. With world conditions the way they are, our country needs men of character, intelligence and desire—most of our college football players fit these qualifications.

DICK BEGLER

Lincoln, Pa.

EMPLOYER'S REACTION

Sir: You must have run out of attractions very quickly in your publicizing experience to faint a pro football player on your front cover and glorify a situation that makes your story of Ohio State wholly pure amateur by comparison.

Or have you too succumbed to the notion that victory is more important than honor and scholastic achievement?

I have in my mind's eye the picture of the beautiful bulk of a man taking his elective in Courtship and Marriage. It would have been more to his and your credit had you stated that he was majoring in elementary English, arithmetic and spelling.

It has been my dubious privilege to have employed an All-American from Ohio State many years back who wholly lacked the ability to perform the last three subjects.

QUIN GOLDSMAN

New York

OFFICIAL RECOMMENDATION

Sir: With the '53 football season almost over, the Atlantic Coast Sports Writers Association recommends the following players for All-America. The players are listed in alphabetical order.

Bob Bartholomew, Wake Forest, tackle.
Bob Favard, Duke, halfback.
Bob Pellegrini, Maryland, center.
Ed Verek, Maryland, halfback.
Joel Wells, Clemson, halfback.

BOB BECKHO

Executive Secretary

Atlantic Coast Sports Writers Assn.
Raleigh, N.C.

EXIT FORTECUE, MUTTERING

Sir:

John O'Reilly's brief story, *Don't Be Afraid of the Spanish Owl* (SI, Nov. 14), touched responsive chords in the hearts of our family. Several years ago we found a baby smooth owl lying beneath an oak tree on our lawn. He was a tiny bit of white fluff when we found him, but when he left as he had grown to maturity. We named him Fortecue.

It took some time to get his daily feed. His chief diet was earthworms, and this requisite constant digging. We were more than repaid for our labors because he taught us much about himself and the woods. As soon as he learned to fly, we put him out at night. It was never too difficult to locate him the following morning, since the blue jays invariably found his place of hiding and called loudly to their fellows while they flew about him, excitedly prepared to mob him if he ventured to fly from them. We would find him settled on the branch of a cawella or an aspen bush, muttering quietly to himself the soft rapid notes Mr. O'Reilly describes.

One night he flew away, never to return. Now, whenever we hear the song of the screech owl, we think it may be Fortecue come back to reward us.

C. M. A. ROCHER

Mobile, Ala.

BEMARE

Sir:

Apogee of "Electronic Quack" (E & D Nov. 7): I think it is quite possible if the world's technicians do not succeed in describing themselves and as and the animal kingdom, that some quack technician may come up with a definite device whereby not only can the ducks be called electronically to the blind but the sportsman who owns the blind may even be able to stay snugly at home while the other electronic device sits and fires the rampant cun at the (against), metastorical ducks. But beware lest the word "sports" in your title case is meant only unathletic

personnel instead of the wholesome athletic activities it stands for now.

STUART HUCKINS

Dunbury, Mass.

THE BARD ON PUTTING

Sir:

Shakespeare puts it more concisely than Nobel Chaffin did when he advised SI readers to putt without too much delay (*THE MAN THE TOP*, Nov. 7):
If it were done when 'tis done,
then 'twere well;
It were done quickly:

—*Macbeth*, Act. 1, Scene 7

F. N. MCCARTHY

Buffalo, N.Y.

LETTER FROM A SILENT MAN

Sir:

How does Jimmy Jemall in preparing his *Horizon* of Nov. 14, didn't catch a golf-course superintendent about the use of restricted carts on the course? In most cases the bartender gets more credit for making a bottle of Vermont last a year and a half than the greenskeeper gets for keeping a couple of handied acres of grass in good playing condition for the many species of golfer. Ten times out of 10 a good golf course has one silent man who, before he goes to bed at night, makes sure the golf course is ready for play tomorrow. This silent man is, naturally, the golf course superintendent.

Hope Happy Knoll Exotic carts (restricted) in those with a doctor's prescription.

Enlisted in my subscription for 1954 membership at Happy Knoll to go to the Olympic Pond.

LENNY T. F. WIGGINS

Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

ASK YOUR CADDY

Sir:

Why don't you ask some caddies how they feel about motorized carts? Since the appearance of the cart on the courses, the days of the caddy are numbered.

The "well-to-do" people that Jimmy Jemall interviews naturally favor the cart; why shouldn't they? They have been sitting behind desks so long that they don't feel natural in any other position. This doesn't go for Sam Sneed or Mike Shachin, both of whom are fine performers and sportsmen.

Some courses in southern California allow carts only to those presenting a doctor's certificate of disability. This is one way of "preserving" the caddy. Another way is to rule that each foursome must have at least one caddy. Many of our top pros were at one time or another caddies.

I have yet to see the cart that can tell a man what club to use, or which way the greens will "break." There are still some of us who take pride in our work.

I cannot, for obvious reasons, sign my name to this because there is only one club in Long Beach, California which still has caddies. My final word of advice to "some" golfers is: "Treat your caddy fairly; we're human."

A CADDY

Long Beach, Calif.

THE GREAT BURN

Sir:

Fordell's Girls (SI, Nov. 7) sparkles and blazes with gorgeous color and rhythm in picturing the gorgeous gridiron razzle-dazzle,



"Did you ring?"

bates, twirlers and dancers at San Jose State, Ole Miss, Los Angeles Coliseum and Dale.

It's too bad that you didn't add an extra page to add the girl in the "one hundred men and a girl" marching band of Syracuse University, Miss Alta Burg, the champion baton twirler of the amateur world.

BRAYTON MEYER

East Amherst, N.Y.

• See below for gorgeous gridiron majorette Alta Burg sparring and blazing in black and white.—ED.



ALTA BURG IN MIDAIR

THIS IS THE YELL

Sirs:

From "Boh" to the *Saxophone* by Martin Kane (BL, Nov. 7), described the famous yell of the Arkansas Razorbacks. Unfortunately, this was not a true description.

The yell, as called by the fans of the Hogs, is as follows:

Wooooooooooooo Pig, Soie

Wooooooooooooo Pig, Soie

Wooooooooooooo Pig, Soie

RAZORBACKS!

This is the yell that has been haunting Southwest Conference teams for years.

JOAN MOORE

Fayetteville, Ark.

THE GLASSES

Sirs:

According to SI, "Harvard, a man's school, claims the oldest college cheer in the country, its 'regular cheer,' which consists of three 'Harvard' long drawn out, followed by seven 'rabs' and a 'fight, hoars, fight.'" Could you tell me when this was changed from nine "rabs" followed by "Harvard, Harvard, Harvard?"

Perhaps your president, an old pupil of mine in Boston Latin School, can furnish the information. I think Roy Larsen will remember the old cheer as I do.

ALBERT F. REED

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

• Roy Larsen, President of Time Inc., recalls Mr. Reed with pleasure and remembers the words of Cicero: "*Scitis enim, quibus rim habet ad majorem amicitiam, studiorum ac sententiarum similitudo*," but in the matter of the old cheer is obliged to admit with Virgil that "*fugit ista res, fugit irreparabile tempus*."—ED.

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PAT ON THE BACK

RICHARD S. TUFTS

Richard S. Tufts, 59, of Pinehurst, N.C. this month was nominated to be the next president of the United States Golf Association, a nomination that is tantamount to election. Chairman of seven USGA committees since he became a USGA official in 1942, the quietly efficient Tufts is generally acknowledged to be just about the best-grounded official golfdom has. The modest Tufts, who plays in the middle 70s, comes from a golfing family. His grandfather, James Tufts, was the man who founded the famed colony at Pinehurst.

MAURICE STANS

Maurice (Maury) Stans, a 47-year-old Chicago CPA whose recent appointment as Deputy Postmaster General will be up for Senate confirmation this January, is one of the nation's most noted big game hunters. Shown here with a 52-inch-horn greater kudu bagged in Tanganyika in 1960, Stans greatly prizes his honorary membership in the East African Professional Hunters Association. He and his wife, Kathleen, also a big game hunter, have presented a number of their trophies to the Children's Nature Museum in Rock Hill, S.C.





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